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ABRUZZI, THE MAN FIRST IN THE POLAR RACE*

By ROBERT DUNN

TO HAVE been born in Spain, the youngest son of an alien king of the oldest reigning house of Europe, who found ruling Spain not worth the scepter and tossed it aside: conceive this, and it is hard to believe that such a scion of a royal house of the old world, where royalty and vigor of brain and body are supposed each to have gone a separate way, is the present victor in a race for which is most needed the intelligence and energy of modern man, the resources and refinements of modern science, the vividness and restraint of modern imagination. Yet the world knows how Prince Luigi Amadeo di Savoia, Duke of the Abruzzi, nephew of martyred King Humbert of Italy, own cousin to Emanuel II., led the Italian North Polar expedition, from which, on April 25, 1900, Captain Umberto Cagni and three men reached latitude 86° 33′—238 miles from the Pole—nineteen miles nearer it than Nansen, and the most northern point yet touched by man.

Because a man is royal, old world convention generally bottles hermetically the human being in him, and, justly or no, if there's a chance to link heroic deeds to the name, fits to it for public benefit a personality and feats ideal. The world at large, though deceived, is not often a loser from this illusion that to be royal is not to be human. Were a king to reach the Pole, we should hear the court version of his heroism, and in our country would say: "Yes, but he was only the figurehead of the party. Certainly he got there with the resources of a nation behind him, the greatest scientists to observe for him, the greatest travelers to draw his dog sled." This has been said of Abruzzi—said or assumed—but of no man more unfairly. If the world has been deceived about him as a man, it has probably been deceived into believing he is not man enough.

No one has rushed into print with his feats. Far lesser deeds in the field have gained fame and favor for their authors. Abruzzi's are almost as unknown to the public, as his personality, which, aside from the qualities of leadership inferred from his deeds, is a mystery to explorers: and apparently must so remain. He is the author of only a part of the account of his polar trip—the minor part—and it is first printed completely three years after writing. It is the brief, impersonal, modest narrative of an educated man. Abruzzi, the man, carefully hides behind his words. Of his ascent of Mount St. Elias, Alaska, in 1897, which had baffled explorers for a dozen years, he wrote not one word; and in the narrative of Filippo di Filippi, of the party, the duke is concealed body, brain, and soul in the three letters, "H. R. H." Abruzzi has stopped

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In Early Summer the Pack Broke into Cakes, and the Explorers Floundered from Floe to Floe.

the sources of adulation. It is plain he wishes to be judged by his deeds and his deeds alone. He has given only facts and figures to the world. Other explorers he has compelled to accept this attitude in good faith: they recognize the ability of his leadership because he has refrained from impressing it, and therefore, judging by his deeds, incline to-day to name him the man best fitted to reach the Pole: at least, the dark horse of Arctic travel. The world, it seems, in his case, is decidedly the loser from the idea that to be royal is to be not human.

The home of the House of Savoy is under the highest Italian Alps. There Luigi, born in Madrid in 1873, the third son of King Amadeus of Spain (Duke of Aosta) and the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, was taken two years after, when his father abdicated. All the Savoyards are brought up like Spartans. King Emanuel's youth seems to have been spent rising before dawn, in study and exercise. Much like it was Luigi's, until he entered the naval school at Leghorn. Here he earned his degree, for the old House of Savoy having yielded to the modern idea that work alone justifies life, does not make its sons admirals because their blood is blue. When he could, Luigi sought the mountains of his native country, the highest ones, and the largest glaciers. He ascended the Matterhorn by Zmutt Ridge in 1894, at the age of twenty-one, with A. M. Mummery, the English climber; and his friendship for this man greatly shaped his career. He became expert with rope and ice-ax. The fret for great heights entered his blood; he felt the inspiration of loneliness, and the sense of divinity in man standing upon unending ice.

In October of the same year, he began a two-years' cruise around the world as lieutenant on the war vessel *Christoforo Colombo*, visiting the United States in the autumn of 1896. But it was in January, 1895, that his zeal for exploration took definite form. On the 30th day of that month he was at Darjeeling, Bengal. Above him soared the majestic peak of the Kinchinjunga, 28,000 feet above the sea. The Alps invited; this challenged. Seven months later, his friend Mummery lost his life trying to climb the Nanga Parbat (26,000 feet), on the borders of Cashmir and Chitral. The prince, now resolved to attack the Himalayas, determined partly in memory of his friend to return to India and assault the Nanga, for a fellowship is created by height and danger which no convention of birth can bar. Plague, however, has just followed famine in the Punjab, which must be crossed to reach Nanga, and the expedition was given up. The explorer may not regard human life sacred, but he is sometimes particular about how he surrenders it.

But something of the sort must be done. Mount St. Elias, therefore, then the highest known mountain in Arctic or subarctic regions, the center of the greatest glaciation outside Greenland, whose summit had defeated four expeditions between the first attempt to scale it in 1886 and the last in 1891, was chosen in place of the Himalayas. The duke, with Captain (then Lieutenant) Umberto Cagni, four Italian Alpinists, four Italian guides, and one porter-photographer, sailed from Liverpool May 22, 1897, and provisioned in San Francisco. On July 1, they landed from two small vessels—ten American porters having joined their party—on the north side of Yakutat Bay, in the crotch between southern and southeastern Alaska. Mount St. Elias, sixty miles distant across the 1,500 square miles of Malaspina glacier, towered over countless peaks protruding through its ice-streams like Greenland nunatakas.

St. Elias is a pyramidal peak, 18,090 feet above the sea, possibly the highest in a range bordering the Pacific for over 300 miles. It is the center, roughly, of four ridges converging at right angles, and the former expeditions had proved the mountain, owing to steepness and snow-slides, practically unscalable, except by its northeastern col, *i. e.*, the one behind the mountain as it faces the sea, and most distant from shore. To reach it they had crossed the Malaspina at the eastern or western limit of its sixty-mile front, to lessen ice traveling. But the duke, believing better time could be made over the glacier than among the sharp morainal stones, landed in its center, and, with his outfit loaded on four sledges, carrying 750 pounds each, covered its greatest length, nearly forty miles, in three days. Hence, he ascended Seward glacier, the largest known ice-stream of the Alpine type, far exceeding any Himalayan glacier, to the point where Professor Israel C. Russell, in his attempt in 1890, crossed it in traveling from the eastern end of the larger sheet. From here he followed Rus-

In Early Summer the Pack Broke and Carried Explorers Floundered from Floe to Floe.

sell's route, pushing on generally west-northwest, continually over snow-covered glaciers; crossing the Seward, where the party was first roped, and sounded for crevasses; and by Dome Pass, in the Samovar Hills, reached Agassiz, and then Newton glacier, which heads on the ridge from which the ascent was made.

The party was thirteen days covering the final eight miles up Newton glacier to the col. For ten of them storms raged in that struggle over the huge crevasses and seracs, through the waist-deep, powdery snow, and up the three immense ice-falls which divided the Newton into terraces. Every night camp was made under the roar of avalanches; optical illusions hid the crevasses, and the party walked like somnambulists in and out of great depressions, where it seemed the snow was level. At this critical stage of the ascent, however, the weather cleared, on July 27, and remained absolutely fine for five successive days.

How much this had to do with the success of the prince's attempt is still a matter for discussion. Professor Russell, pioneer of the St. Elias region, who first learned how the mountain must be climbed, whose route Abruzzi followed, and who must ever stand foremost among the explorers of Alpine Alaska, had reached this point almost exactly six years before, also after incessant bad weather. But, with Russell, the storms here did not cease. His party waited: their food and petroleum gave out; all were forced to return except the gallant pioneer himself, who remained in camp for six days, alone, out of food, with a cotton string soaked in bacon grease for heat and light, before he gave up the ascent. Likewise, the next year, he camped at the summit of Newton glacier (8,000 feet) during twelve days of continuous storm. When it cleared, on August 24, 1891, Russell and two porters reached a height of 14,500 feet, the highest before the prince's ascent. Storm drove them from the summit, and lasted four days: the first clear morning the ridge was alive with avalanches; then storm set in again.

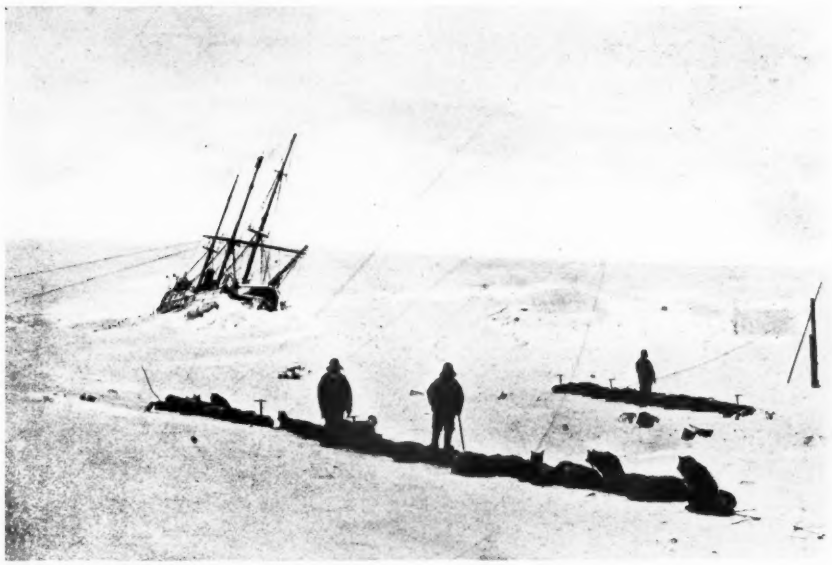
The Farthest North—Captain Cagni, of the Abruzzi Party, Planting the Italian Flag at 86° 33′.

Had Russell had the prince's weather on either trip he would have reached the summit. Had the prince had Russell's — the question is an open one. The Italian party was distinguished by its singleness of purpose; it set out to climb St. Elias, and every thought, every move, was concentrated on doing that, alone and first; the equipment

was more elaborate, the party larger, and experienced Alpinists and the American porters established food stations at each camp along the route, packing back and forth from the coast. Both Russell's parties, however, had for partial objects general exploration of the ice-covered region. Yet Russell's work about St. Elias is not second to the prince's, and Americans have long deplored that that blizzard-swept, baffling mountain refused to confer victory on the man who spent so much of his life and energy upon it.

The prince gained the final col of Russell's camp on July 30, at a height of 12,297 feet. He started to conquer the summit at 1 A. M. on July 31. The day was clear and still, the temperature ideal: the ridges had been cleared of avalanches by the continued sunshine and low early morning temperature (18°). The summit was reached, traveling straight up the rounded ridge, at 11:45 A. M., after a ten and one half hours' climb of 5,793 feet over hardened snow, not steep enough to need step-cutting. Headache and exhaustion attacked the party, in the case of one guide who had climbed with Sir Martin Conway, at 2,000 feet below that at which he had suffered on the Illimani. The return to Yakutat Bay was made in ten days, the ascent having taken thirty.

Signor Filippi's story of the ascent, so rich in descriptive detail, gives the "feel" of the region, as no English explorers seem able to do, but reveals nothing of the personal quality of the prince's leadership. The party seemed to have had an easy time: "The ascent from Russell Col to the summit was no worse than climbing the Breithorn, only it was longer," says one of them. "H. R. H." did his work, apparently, as the other guides: the ice-axes and the ropes performed it. The prince, we are told, left camp every morning to prospect a way ahead over the ice, and occasionally a stock word is said in praise of his sagacity at that. He occupied a tent by himself, and like his countrymen, but unlike the Americans, slept in an iron bedstead. As Newton glacier was ascended, the tents and bedsteads were gradually discarded, until the night on Russell Col when only two shelters were left. Before, with three tents, the prince slept in one, his companions in another, the guides in a third. Whether or not the prince slept alone on the col—in which case the rest of the party would have had to lie two deep in the other small tent—or whether the canvas



The Eve of Departure for the Pole.

A Polar Dash Always Resolves Itself into a Battle with Ice Hummocks.

was equally divided, is not told. They used no bedsteads then, any way.

The one telling word about the human prince is tucked away in the appendix on mountain sickness. Filippi says, while on the summit, "Most of us fell into a state of passive, apathetic indifference. I remember that H. R. H. was obliged to shake us in order to induce us to take meteorological observations and study the features of the country." Apocryphal light is thrown on the prince by "Major Ingraham," who supplied and handled the American porters. In Alaska, it is told that Ingraham never ceased to express his astonishment at the manner in which Abruzzi, setting out ahead of the party in the morning, would appoint a spot and a moment for meeting it hours after, and not once failed by a foot or a minute, no matter how stormy or crevassed was the ice, to do as agreed.

When Abruzzi returned to Europe, the publication of Nansen's *Fram* voyage, and its quasi-vindication of the theory of an ocean current across the Pole from the northeast coast of Siberia, was stirring interest. The Malaspina had challenged; the polar pack now defied. Exploring is like most other vices; the more you suffer hardship, the greater the momentary recompense, so much harder suffering and harder triumphs are craved. Abruzzi made his next quiet resolution. For two years he scoured Europe, incognito, talking personally with Payer, Markham, Nansen, Njordenskjold — any man, from pilot to dog driver, who knew a fact in polar travel. So quietly did this unassuming lover of science and adventure work, that scientists hardly remarked when the *Stella Polare*, 358 tons burden, 400 horsepower, formerly the whaler *Jason*, used by Nansen off Greenland and by Larsen in the Antarctic, left Christiania for the Franz Joseph archipelago, June 12, 1900, with provisions for two years and 120 dogs.

All the duke says of his motives, in his simple, impersonal narrative, is: "Ever since I took an interest in Arctic matters, the expeditions made by two voyagers had especially attracted my attention, owing to the great stretch of ground covered by means of dogs and sledges—namely those of Peary over the mainland of Greenland, and the voyages of Wrangel in the northern part of Siberia. When Nansen returned and made us acquainted with the journeys he had been able to make over the ice-fields of the glacial ocean, the idea I had cherished for some time of a voyage over the polar ice-packs assumed concrete form."

When he visited them, some explorers inclined to look at Abruzzi as an amateur. But he won them all. After his embarkation, Nansen, who had been present, said: "I saw at once through the character of the enterprise, when the duke, instead of giving his orders, did himself what he wanted. This is a sure test of the qualifications of a man entering upon such an enterprise. A leader must trust only to himself."

The party reached Cape Flora, on the southern island of the archipelago, July 26, and cached eight months' provisions and coal. Ice blocked the way north through British Channel, and after futile attempts to force a way, Nightingale Channel was threaded on the second trial. "We were filled with rage at our impotence to do anything against the mass of ice which rose along the side of the ship," says the duke: and he remained constantly on the bridge, his eye on the whitish reflection in the sky over the impassable floes, intent on stealing through the open lanes, sometimes not even going below to mess. Victoria Sea was more open, and August 7 found the vessel at latitude 82° 4′, the highest ever reached by man afloat. Seeing no land ahead, and fearing he might be crushed in the ice with the advance of winter, Abruzzi returned to Teplitz Bay (81° 45′) on the west coast of Prince Rudolph Land, the northernmost island of the archipelago, where the ice nevertheless all but demolished the *Stella Polare* on September 8, and forced the party to spend the winter on shore in three small tents, in which (says the duke) the temperature never did go below zero.

"During the night * * * a light breeze sprang up from the south," goes his story of the accident. "The ice-pack began to exert pressure upon the ice in the bay, which in turn pressed all around on the land ice. During the night we heard a crackling noise, but toward six o'clock in the morning we felt the whole ship shake. The dogs began to howl. A heavy list to starboard, followed by a still heavier one to port, made us all run up on deck. A hummock six or seven yards high had formed in front of us. The starboard side of the ship, exposed owing to the list, showed the bulged-in planks of her bottom; all the rigging of the foremast came down in a heap; the ice mounds piled

by the pressure against the dog kennels, and threatened to bury them. The crew ran to liberate the dogs. Fires were lighted in the boiler-house. With the deck hand-pump and wind-mill, we endeavored to keep the water below the furnaces. Meanwhile, the crew began to throw overboard on to the ice their clothes and victuals. We continued discharging provisions up to six o'clock the next morning, only stopping for meals, which we cooked on the forage, and all partook of in the forecastle. With a well full of water, with the port furnace flooded, and the starboard one half-immersed in water, which continued to rise, the *Stella Polare* was abandoned to her fate."

Two days before Christmas occurred the accident which prevented Abruzzi from leading personally the dash north over the ice-pack. While exercising a dog team in preparation for it, he went far from camp with Captain Cagni. "We lost our way back in the dark," he says, "and instead of descending into the bay at the same point where we had gone up on the glacier, we came to an ice wall six or seven yards high. As we only noticed this wall when we were right onto it, two dog sledges, Cagni, and myself passed rapidly from the glacier into the bay in a rather abrupt manner and against our wish. The snow broke our fall, and fortunately we were deprived of the pleasure of receiving the other sledges on top of us." During the half hour before the prince and his dogs were released, he froze his hand. "My fingers, which took a long time to heal," he says, "and the sensitiveness to cold which remained in my hand, would have made me a source of anxiety and hindrance to the expedition. Regretfully, but recognizing the necessity from the day on which amputation was decided upon, I left Cagni in command of the expedition to the North." Possibly more than one explorer, believing the right to drive a dog team in the Arctic depends on his physical state as leader, has opened his eyes at this sort of generosity.

Cagni, being delayed by storms, left Cape Fligely on March 8, with nine men, kayaks, and twelve sledges carrying 180 rations per man, and 1,150 for the dogs. The temperature was 33° below zero. The men were divided into three parties: the first to feed the whole for fifteen days, and return; the second, for the next fifteen days, leaving the third to go on fifteen days more with enough food for a forty-five days' return; the dogs, of course, to eat themselves. The details of Cagni's remarkable dash; the fearful suffering of dogs and men from storm and cold; of harnessing, putting up tents, struggling over ice hummocks, fording water lanes on that journey of 330 miles due north over the ice, have just been made known. On March 22, when not 150 miles from shore, the ice being firm everywhere, the first party, composed of Lieutenant Querini, the guide Ollier, and Stökken, the engine driver, started back. The duke and two companions waited in vain for them in an igloo at Cape Fligely. They did not appear. The North has swallowed them in its weirdest manner. Futile efforts have been made to fix their fate in the years since.

"The only moment when existence appeared supportable was when we had a bowl of boiling soup in our hands," says Cagni. "We got into our frozen sleeping-bags, hard as wood, and for three or four hours our teeth chattered. Little by little the ice thawed that had formed between our clothing and our faces. * * * Sleep? I do not know how or when we slept. * * *"

The second party started back March 31, and reached Rudolph Land safely. As Cagni kept on, lanes opened in the ice, and the dogs fell into them; fierce storms raged, the snow softened, and the hummocks grew higher. On April 7, the eighty-fourth parallel was crossed. On the twenty-first, however, the ice packed; the snow grew more level, and daily marches increased from eight miles to eighteen or twenty. The party, yielding to the temptation to surpass Nansen—being "stronger than our weakness," says Cagni—kept on and on. "The remembrance of that march is like a dream to me," he says of April 25, when 86° 33′ was reached. "We did not feel the fatigue. Life on that endless white plain consisted in placing one foot before the other. Seven o'clock passed, eight o'clock, nine o'clock, and we were marching still. It was only shortly before ten that I got over this mental drowsiness; it was clear to me that we should have to march on the morrow, too, and I therefore had the camp pitched. The sledge train was in line, and we set up the tent without pronouncing a single word. We were stupefied by success. But suddenly I shook myself, and excitedly drew our flag from the kayak, waved it, and shouted out, 'Long live the

"A hummock six or seven yards high had formed in front."

"Ice all but demolished the *Stella Polare*, and forced the party to spend the winter on shore in tents."

King! Long live Italy! Long live the Duke of Abruzzi!'"

His return is one of the most thrilling incidents of Arctic travel. He tells how open water forced detours, so that on May 8, having covered less than half the distance to land, and having only twenty-two days' rations, he found the polar current had taken him fifty miles west of his northward course. The pack broke into cakes with the advance of summer. His journal tells of the infinitesimal food divisions; of the first taste of dog meat; of floundering from floe to floe; of an island sighted at last far south of Teplitz Bay; of the nightmare struggles to reach it, forced away by the current; and then, after days spent with life and death in the balance, saving strength as best it could, starving, how the party drifted aimlessly in the currents between islands and mainland, until a final blow of the ice-pack almost hurled them ashore on June 21.

The duke repaired the vessel, and began to blast a way south out of the ice in August, 1900. Again and again blocked with bergs which all but demolished her, with days of work lost by action of the current, and suddenly closing lanes, it seemed inevitable that another winter must be spent in the North. But near the end of the month the floes parted, and, having touched at Cape Flora on the 30th, the *Stella Polare* reached Hammerfest on September 5.

Besides coming nearest to that fixed will-o'-the-wisp atop of the earth, which has inspired men through the ages, the main result of the expedition was to prove that Petermann Land, Sherard Osborne Cape, and King Oscar Land do not exist where mapped, thus strengthening the evidence that no land lies north of the Franz Joseph Archipelago, and that the Pole is in the open sea.

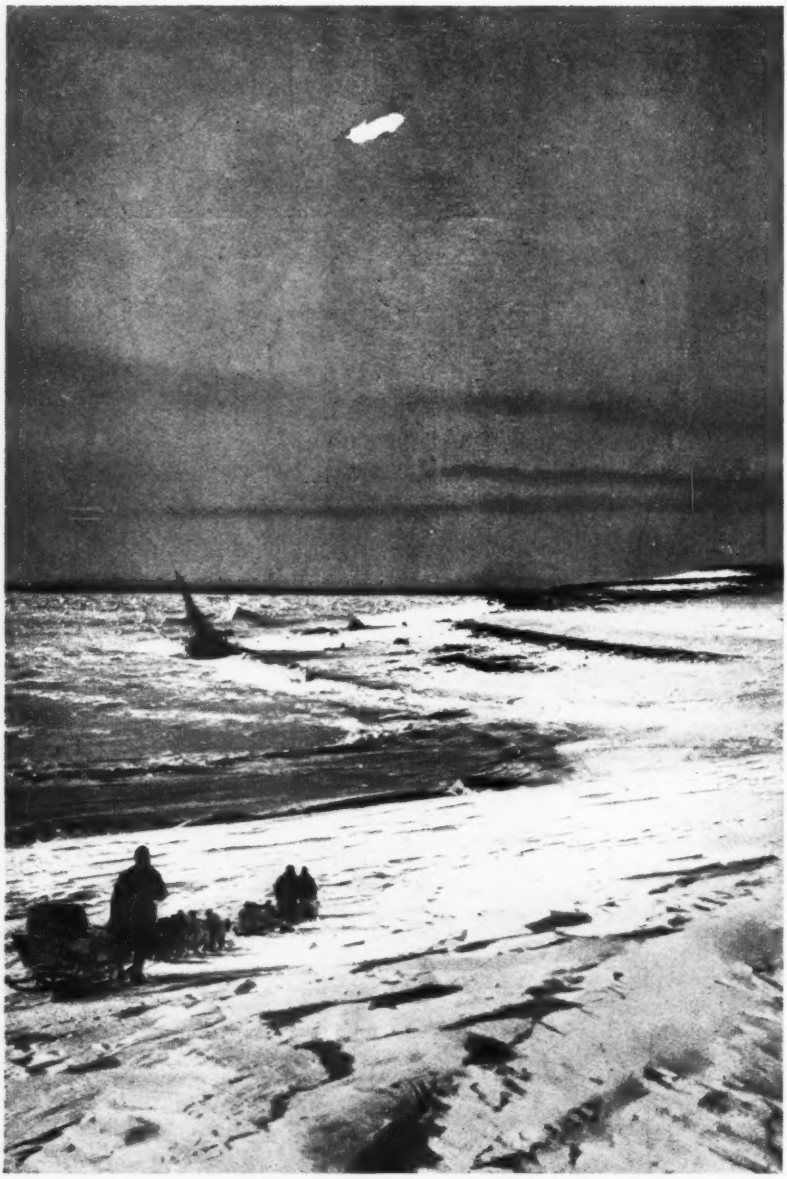
Cagni's dash indicated that, with a month's earlier start from Cape Fligely, and such ice as was encountered north of 84°, dog sledges might reach the Pole, even considering the weather of the Arctic.

Why this has never yet been done, just what forces back the traveler from his aphelion, no tales of Arctic travel seem to convince them whose favorite chair is the Arctic judgment seat. The physical reasons are simple enough; you can't start on the 526-mile trip from the nearest land to the Pole before sun-up in February, owing to darkness, and the transitoriness of moonlight; a party carrying food enough cannot travel swiftly, and the distance is too great to be covered, going and coming, before the floes break up in June, when to be caught adrift in the polar current means death, even if you have a year's grub; storms and accidents delay, so the explorer turns back as the chance of reaching land vanishes. But the chief reasons are subjective, and critics of polar travel, never grasping to begin with the inexplicable love of science and adventure that make up the explorer, are the last to understand the depressing effect of the Arctic night, physical and psychological; how nostalgia, cold, and unchanging companionship blot the heroism from any effort, magnify human eccentricities to the point of madness—till nothing in the world seems worth while but sleep and comfort. Only after the Pole is reached will Arctic exploring be rightly understood, and then the lure of it will die—in the tragedy of success, "where most noble things are killed"—says Victor Hugo.

For one reason Abruzzi must thus succeed; some English critics have been ungenerous enough to question Cagni's 83° 33′. Others, as with the St. Elias ascent, have cried, "Luck!" at his finding the Victoria Sea free of ice, and the floes level north of 84°. If he had luck twice, he is the man to be trusted to have luck the third time—though his plans for the future are unknown. "Remarkable it was," says a correspondent at the Christiana ovation on his return, "to see the absence of jealousy on the part of a people whose laurels in the Arctic had been taken by the young Italian." And the explorer who does not arouse the jealousy of his fellows is generally the one, curiously, to have the luck of open seas and level ice.

The duke did not hear of the assassination and death of his uncle, King Humbert, until the return from Franz Joseph Land. He has said of his feelings at that time:

"In the terrible anguish which filled my heart on hearing this news, one thought sustained me. If cruel destiny did not permit me to acquaint the King, under whose auspices the expedition had departed, with the results obtained, I should still be able to honor his memory in a manner worthy of his person. From the hearts of brave men who had advanced far into regions of the extreme north, hitherto untrodden by the feet of man, the shout for our far-off home was accom-



The *Stella Polare* Wrecked in Teplitz Bay.

panied by another shout, 'Long live the King!' Though Humbert is dead that cry will not die, but from ice-field to ice-field it will resound—the solitary cry of the desolate regions which only brave men can reach."

WHAT GOLF MEANS TO A BIG CITY

By ARTHUR RUHL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. C. TURNER

ONE of the cartoons which Du Maurier drew for *Punch* years ago represented a very esthetic young man seated at a table in a restaurant gazing at a tumbler of water in which were a couple of lilies. The glass was the only thing on the table, and the young man regarded it with a certain air of ecstasy, as was evident from his liquid eye and the intenseness with which his nether limbs twined one about the other. Opposite the young man, with his fingers resting deferentially on the edge of the table, bent the honest, round-faced British waiter.

"Can't I get you something more, sir?" he asked. The young man had merely requested a glass of water and dropped his lilies into it.

"Thank you, this is quite sufficient," the young man replied, devouring the lilies with his eyes; "soon I will have done."

Although the purpose of the cartoon was to satirize the cult of esthetes, just then beginning to appear, it was doubtless suggested by the anecdote, since become almost classic, of the prophet of the new order, who, as I recall it, being late at a dinner party of which he was a guest, seized a bouquet of violets from a vase on the table, pressed them to his face, and with great apparent satisfaction sighed: "A-a-ah! I have dined!" The mental attitude therein implied is one which, in these days of athleticism, is rather distinctly deprecated. If one poses now, it is on the other side of the fence. One is rather embarrassed than otherwise to disclose the fact that he possesses sensibilities. The development of the more virile and Spartan virtues is generally reckoned to be the essence of the sports of the out-of-doors.

It is with a somewhat whimsical interest, therefore, that I recall a certain spring day on a golf course tucked away in the hills to the north of town. It was one of those days when the spring seems to come all at once, when the stir of growing things and the warmth and richness overpower and conquer us. All the things of winter seem suddenly old and dusty and frayed about the edges. We shuffle off our winter ideas and our hearthstone point of view as serpents shed their skins. Before we can quite adjust ourselves to the new world we drink to intoxication of the air and the colors and the sunshine. The greenness of the fresh grass, the smell of the earth—mere lights and colors and odors become for the moment overwhelmingly vital.

The St. Andrews course, than which none in the neighborhood of New York is prettier, was that day covered with violets. The fair green in the lower levels near the brook was purple with them. The air above them, hemmed in by the hills around, seemed to have an almost tangible velvetiness. One strode softly and played with a sort of exaggerated leisure and dignity as if afraid of breaking the charm. As a pair met in the greens they greeted each other with deference and conversed in lowered voices as though they were in church. The moving figures, specking the green here and there in the distance, seemed less actual persons with whom one had come up in the train an hour or so before than parts of a painted picture or the fabric of a dream. Now and again a man would stop and raise his head and look all about him as though he wished to *feel* the day and the spring even more. And yet those playing were almost as far as possible removed from the type of person who would plunge his face into a bunch of violets and murmur, "I have dined!" They were lawyers and bankers and brokers and busy men generally, who, twenty-four hours before, had been hard at it in downtown New York, at downtown New York's cruel pace—fighting hard-headed battles in the realm of stock tickers and roaring exchanges and skyscrapers and trucks and trolley-cars.

It is this esthetic value of golf, its appeal to the sensibilities, the rest and stimulus

The Natural Hazard to the Twelfth Green, on the Deal Course.

From the Eighteenth Green of the Deal Course One Looks Across to the Lake.

which it gives to the fagged-out and the world-weary which makes it more, probably, than any other sport to those who live in town. It is a game which we take up at any age and which we can play comfortably without any previous training or preparation. Almost any one may ride, but park riding is at best a somewhat artificial sport—an urban rather than a country recreation. Rowing is too violent an exercise for any but the young or very fit, and, as done in this country, one who goes in for it is likely to be lonesome. Walking without any object but exercise is a bore, and to all but the insatiable muscle-maker gymnasium exercise is likely to be more so. Tennis and squash, although they answer the requirements of exercise, have little of that restful appeal to the sensibilities which one finds in the more leisurely, open, and freer sports. To a man nervously tired, as most tired city men are, the mere keying-up one's self to the strenuous pitch of violent exercise has somewhat the same grating effect that harsh sounds have to ears already wearied with noise. In short, from the point of view of pleasure, of practicability, and of results there is no sport which seems to be more adapted to the needs of the city man than golf. While it is putting air in his lungs and blood in his veins, it is smoothing out his puckered brain and attuning it to the eternal harmonies. The sum of the effect of a perfect day on a good course is similar to that of a cross-country run, a visit to an art gallery, and a symphony concert rolled into one.

No city in the country, probably, is surrounded by so many courses of the better sort as New York. New Jersey, Long Island, and the beautiful country to the north of Manhattan are dotted with them—Garden City, Baltusrol, St. Andrews, Ardsley, Knollwood, Essex County, Englewood, Montclair, Dyker Meadow—there is no end to them.

Then, too, there is Van Courtlandt—the house of the Philistine. Perhaps you do not care for the public links, but lots of other folks do. To a good many hundreds of them, a day up and down the wooded valley in which the course is laid means the one brushing away of the mental and physical cobwebs that have gathered during the week's grind in town. We do not venture to hazard an estimate of the number of golfers that play at Van Courtlandt. It depends a good deal on the number of times you are hit. If you are hit, say three times, in making the circuit of the eighteen holes, and also lose half a dozen balls, the course is disgustingly overcrowded. If you don't lose any balls, beat the man you've picked up as a partner while waiting in line at the first tee, and manage in a polite and accidental way to send a low hard drive into the back of the player ahead of you some time during the day, you will find the course not half bad.

The sight which we may see on any holiday in fair weather, from April to December, is calculated to cheer the heart of any lover of the out-of-doors. The railway station is close by the first tee, and the locker-building which a paternal municipality has provided is only a stone's throw away, and as the trains pull in from town every half hour or so the whole place is alive with golfers—husbands and wives and young men and maidens—hurrying to get into their playing clothes and to a good place in the line. On a bright morning there will be waiting in line at the first tee, while the breezy young bloods from Harlem smack out their 200-yard drives and the embarrassed middle-aged ladies blush and top and foozle—some thirty or forty players. Each one must get his little ticket from the greens keeper, so that he may not cut in where he does not belong, and when he has made the circuit of the first six holes and is ready to start on the straight course up the valley, he must exchange it for another little ticket which says to the attendant at the seventh tee: "I have played the hill." This is the only reminder of the city's hard and fast lines and its routine. Few courses have a prettier setting than Van Courtlandt and none are so easy to reach, and as the game grows older there is less and less of the rough-shod play of a few years ago, and more of the dignity and considerateness which are so much a part of the game. And it is good to stand on the hilltop at the sixth tee and view the quiet valley dotted from end to end with moving figures, and to remember that were it not for such a sport a good part of those, who bare-headed and with sleeves rolled up are drinking in the sunshine, would be mooning over colored supplements in boarding-house bedrooms or squatting half asleep on the front steps watching their play-day go by.

Those whose daylight time is pretty much their own have found in golf a new and val-

Golf Is Largely Responsible for the Athletic Girl.

uable occupation. I have in mind one man whose work does not begin until the ordinary dinner time nor end until two or three o'clock in the morning. By noon he is up and about with the best of the day ahead of him. "But *what*," asks your lily-livered office slave, "can a *man* find to do in the daytime unless he's downtown and at work?" Loaf about the house boring himself and worrying his wife? Not a bit of it! The moment his breakfast—your luncheon—is down he is off for the country. If the day is fair and the house things are running smoothly Mrs. Blank goes with him. And the result is that our much-to-be-pitied friend gets better acquainted with his wife and

An Interesting Crowd of Spectators Always Follows a Championship Match.

The Deal Golf Club's Attractive Home, Where the Metropolitan Championship is Held This Year.

keeps more lively and fit than the most of us do in spite of his unearthly hours. It is supposed by many that one cannot keep in shape and yet turn night into day One has only to see the actors and newspaper men and such unconventional birds on some of the courses near town of a likely afternoon to know how far from the facts this impression may be.

The Deal Beach course is, naturally, more in the public eye at the present moment than any of the other courses in the neighborhood of New York. The Metropolitan Championship, which went to Deal this year, is generally regarded as next in importance to the two national events, the Amateur and the Open Championship. To those who live and play near New York the Metropolitan has, of course, a local and personal interest which is not felt so warmly for the two greater meets. Every golfer who has got beyond the duffer class has a friend or a club-member entered for the Metropolitan, and then there are such players as Mr. Travis and Mr. Douglas whose names are known all over the country. The winner of the Metropolitan is pretty sure to be the likliest candidate for the Amateur event, and the significance of the winning of the first championship is indicated by the fact that since 1899 the victor in the Metropolitan has been a national champion.

This is the fifth of these Metropolitan events. The first, which was held in 1899 on the Garden City course, was won by Mr. Harriman, who in the same season won the Amateur Championship from Mr. Douglas, at Onwentsia. In 1900, the event was contested on the Nassau County Club course and won by Mr. Travis, who followed Mr. Harriman's example of the year before and won the national amateur championship a few weeks later. On the Apawanis course, at Rye, the next year, Mr. Charles H. Seeley beat Mr. Travis, but could get no better than second place in the national event. The fourth Metropolitan Championship was won last year by Mr. Travis at Tuxedo.

The Deal Beach course was laid out in 1898, but it was not until 1900 that it became known as a course of the first class by the best-ball play between R. B. Wilson and Willie Norton, the American professionals, and the English professional J. H. Taylor. The course was then very tolerable, but in the three years since it has improved with age as all properly cared-for courses do, and the polishing off which it received in preparation for the present championship put it, as a playing course, in rank with any in the neighborhood of New York. The Deal course is laid over pleasantly undulating surface and on turf which is firm and close and remarkably free from stones. There is more play at Deal, probably, during the summer than at any of the other Metropolitan courses, except the public links at Van Courtlandt, and yet even during the dog days of July and August and September, the turf remains in good condition. There are two courses at Deal, the regular one of eighteen holes and the nine-hole course reserved for women, both covering in all about 200 acres. The playing length of the regular course was 6,255 yards before the special preparations for the championship began, and since then it has been increased to something like 6,400 yards by setting back the trees. To players who have mastered the long game, as compared with those who have to depend more on the finesse of approach shots, the long course is an advantage. One may imagine Mr. Travis, for instance, with his startling drive of 382 yards last winter up his sleeve, viewing all such increases in the playing distance with complete equanimity.

Deal is a course of comfortable sportiness, and, judging from the scores made on it up to this year, of tolerable difficulty. The amateur record for the eighteen holes is seventy-nine, and is held jointly by Mr. Travis, Mr. George Brokaw, and Mr. Archibald Graham. Bogey is eighty-two. That the score had not been brought lower up to this season than a seventy-nine was attributed by some observers to the peculiarities of the Deal greens. They are smooth but not level, having been allowed to follow to a certain extent the natural conformation of the turf, and to players used to playing only on greens as level as a ball-room floor they doubtless presented some embarrassments. As for the various holes in the course, the seventh, of 550 yards, is the longest: the twelfth, of 475 yards, is perhaps the most difficult, its green being fortified by a most uncomfortable ditch. The thirteenth hole is, in a way, the sportiest. It involves merely an approach shot of 100 yards, but this must be lifted over a deep pit of soft earth, and the ball that is n't sent over by the first stroke must be lofted up an almost perpendicular bank some fifteen

The Deal Golf Club's Attractive Home, Where the Metropolitan Championship is Held This Year.

Bunkers in Line of Play for the Ninth and Tenth Greens, at Deal.

feet or so in height. As for the general aspect of the course, it is one free from trees and other obstructions, and agreeable alike to both players and gallery.

It is a pleasant thing to watch a championship match, strolling along on fresh green turf, in the air and sunshine, at the polite distance of the gallery. It isn't so

The Twelfth Green, at Deal, Comes Close Down to the Lake.

bad just to read the story of the play in the press dispatches, sitting in a comfortable chair in a country-club veranda a thousand miles or so away. Every one who is interested in the game is interested in such an event as the Metropolitan and in the other greater and lesser contests of the year. But the really big and important thing, and the thing which should have the most potent interest for every sportsman, is the fact that all these "set-pieces," so to speak, are but the frills and furbelows of all that honest, every-day, just-for-fun golfing which is going on all the time, in all sorts of weather, and in all sorts of places, wherever in the land can be found an available bit of open comfortable country.

Hundreds of thousands of persons go to see football games and rowing races, but it is only the few who may be one of an eleven or a crew. There is scarcely another game in which the big public contests are not more important in the ordinary man's eye than the every-day playing of the duffer. In golf, things are ordered differently, and although Jones and Robinson may buzz like anything on their way down to their offices in the "L" in the morning of So-and-so's chances and Such-a-one's form they are much more vitally concerned over those eighteen holes which they are going to play next Saturday afternoon for the Jones-Robinson championship, or, perhaps, as a desperate stake for as many balls as the winner is "up," or a dinner at the clubhouse. The golf bag is almost as typical an ornament of the suburban train and the ferry-boat as the parcels of the commuter.

It is a cheering and healthy sign when busy men in the fragmentary pauses of their business are of a mind to gossip about the tremendous drives that they made the last day they were out, and to apostrophize the good time they are going to have on the next fine afternoon. It is a fine thing when multitudes go in for a sport, not because the crowd goes, not because it is swagger, but only because it 's healthy and it 's fun. And that is just what golf means to those who live or work in town.

There Is Never Failing Interest in the Crowd Roped Back From the Last Hole.

Some Lapps Have Permanent Sod Huts Where the Family Gathers to Spend the Summer.

A Village of Southern Lapland.

THE PIGMIES OF THE NORTH

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES E. RILLIET

THE home of the Lapp is a country which rivals the Sahara in its barrenness, where winter is welcomed in preference to summer. The snow fields of the Esquimaux, with their fur and feathers, are a region of plenty compared with it. Put the Indian of the "Leather-stocking Tales" into it, and he would starve despite his marvelous endurance. The real Laplander of the *fjeld* only exists, thanks to the mossy carpet of the woodlands and the tender foliage of the trees—for they feed his deer. Despised by the rest of the human family, here he has come to roam from place to place. He may found a village here and there. Indeed, some have "gammas" in which they remain until their herds have eaten the vegetation in the vicinity. Then nature makes them move on, not to return until the moss has again grown—that may be four or five years later.

This existence has covered centuries, and to-day the true Laplander—he of the Far North—is about as little known, even to the rest of Europe, as a hundred years ago. The explorers who have actually visited his domain are few, and it is a question if any have reached its heart, save now and then an adventurer so fortunate as to gain the confidence of a band of herders and journey with them, suffering from the cold and hunger in winter, and the stifling heat of the Arctic summer, with its curse of flies and mosquitoes. One such adventurer was Mr. Charles E. Rilliet, a member of the Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition, who tarried for a time in northern Europe. His experiences in the land of the nomadic Lapps and his impressions add a valuable chapter to the scanty fund of information about this people, to which his camera also contributed.

When one reads of the Laplanders, he is generally made acquainted with the Lapp farmers, for these reside nearest to the rest of the world, still clinging to little patches

"The reindeer furnishes food and drink to the Lapp. He drinks its milk and eats it made into cheese."

of soil here and there from which they have not as yet been driven by their natural enemies—the Swedes and Norwegians. Their neighbors of the North, the fisher Lapps, depend upon the waters of the lakes and rivers of Arctic Europe for a livelihood: but the Lapland of the story book is beyond the country of the fishers, consisting of the *fjelds* and extreme northern plateaus. In this territory the herder Lapps roam at will. Those within the Russian border are supposed to acknowledge allegiance to the Czar, and those in Finland to obey the Archduke of what is now a Russian dependency: but to-day they are as free from the rule of any monarch as were their ancestors back in the medieval days. There was a time when they could be seen far to the south of the Arctic Circle; but this portion of the race has been steadily driven northward, into a region whose isolation saves its inhabitants from any authority save that of the owners of the largest reindeer herds. It would be useless, indeed, for an army to follow them: the waste is so vast and so desolate that soldiers would starve in the search. This country is more passable in winter than in summer, for it is traversed with rivers and marshes which can be crossed only when frozen over, unless the traveler carries his boat on his back. But with the coming of winter, the Lapps utilize the ice-bound rivers as thoroughfares in their travels. They know the best foraging grounds, the places where shelter may be afforded for a week's encampment, and all of the outlying settlements of the fishers where they can beg food or steal it. This is their home, and in it they are supreme.

Perhaps no other race has kept itself so far from the rest of human kind. True, the fishers and farmers have intermarried with the Finns, and not a few of the settlements described and pictured by the artist as in the true Lapland are peopled with a strain of foreign blood. Those of the *fjeld* form alliances among themselves, save occasionally when a herder takes his wife from a fishing hamlet. Rarely is he favored by the women of the farms, and the settled people are as widely separated from their roaming brethren as the Finns or Swedes. Thus it is among the wanderers that one must go to study the original type. Here again they have been belied. Far back, perhaps in the period of the Cæsars, their ancestors must have been of a high standard of beauty, for amid the family groups are to be seen highly intelligent faces; some of the younger women are quite comely, and garbed like their sisters of Scandinavia might rival them in attractiveness, but the uncouth dress and their aversion to bathing disguise what charm they naturally possess; it is a question if a dirtier race exists.

They are anything but dull-witted. Natural traders, seldom do they fail to get the best of the bargain in dealings with the fishers and farmers of their own blood as well as the occasional Finn or Russian visitor. Forced to make the most of their scanty resources, they are miserly in their economy, and the herds that some possess show their truly remarkable wealth, considering the poverty of nature that surrounds them.

The hag of Lapland is depicted as uglier than any of Shakespeare's crones—a fit subject to practise the black art; but the men, not the women, are the sorcerers, and here and there can still be found the drum and hammer and rings used to bring misfortune to an enemy or fortune to a friend, or to foretell the future; but no woman can be present when the ceremony is being performed. It would render the spell powerless and place upon the woman a serious, perhaps fatal illness. The drum, which is made of a very light wood, has painted upon it a very rude representation of the sun, the devil, sometimes several of the saints, and circles indicating the countries nearest Lapland. The cluster of magic rings is placed on the sun, and the sorcerer beats a tattoo on the surface with his hammer. The strokes, of course, jar the rings so that they move, and the direction which they take tells the fortune-seeker the course of his future wanderings, also whether he will be prosperous or unfortunate. The majority of the herder folk, however, claim to be Christians, and say that sorcery now is rarely practised—merely a thought of the days when their ancestors "sold wind" to the Norse seamen in braids of yarn which, separated into strands, would produce a favorable breeze.

It is not strange that the aged women are ugly when it is remembered that years bent over the fireside with the inevitable pipe have smoked them within and without almost into living mummies. When placed in her *pulkah* during the family migration, grandmother is as buried in furs as the

youngest baby, and when the tent is put up at the new encampment she is the first to be carried in. The true Lapp looks after his old better than his young. He may be thief, liar, and vagabond as his neighbors call him, but you can mark this down to his credit. After the aged come the reindeer, then the women and children.

Nowhere else do human beings depend so much on one creature. Its flesh furnishes most of the meat of the real Lapp. He drinks its milk and eats it made into cheese. The furry hide is the only clothing that keeps him from freezing in winter. The silver he hoards with a miser's love largely comes from selling belts, purses, and other articles of deerskin to the farmer and fisher folk—for he rarely sells one of his herd alive, unless want forces him to it. The tobacco, sugar, and coffee beans—his luxuries—he usually gets in trade for the hide and flesh. This is why the herds are guarded as carefully as the banker guards his treasure vault; for the wealth of a family is determined by the number of deer it owns. Only a few are ever "broken to harness." Those selected for this work become members of the family, so to speak, when fawns, and are allowed to poke their noses into tent or gamma at will. The children play with them. Before they have reached their growth they are fitted with the leather saddle and the rawhide halter. The real Saint Nick, however, does not gather the reins in one hand like the Santa Claus of the picture book, but uses one thong only.

It is a curious gait—a long, shambling stride—very different from the leap of the hunter or the harmonious movement of the roadster; but over the ice and snow he travels at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour, although the pulkah and its load may weigh two hundred pounds. It is a case of letting him do as he pleases, merely keeping him in the right direction. He knows when to lessen his speed and when to stop, and once he pauses it is almost impossible to start him ahead until he makes up his mind he has had sufficient rest. This depends greatly on whether he has found a nice patch of moss on which to forage—but the speed he maintains when under way makes up for these interruptions, and the "going" must be very bad or the animal very weak which will not cover sixty or seventy-five miles during the hours which go to make up the "day" in this land of continual sunlight or moonlight.

"Reindeer trained for carrying packs are fitted with leather saddle and rawhide halter."

The reindeer is the main food of the few wolves found on these great Arctic plateaus. Singly, he is no match for his enemy, but a score of deer, huddling in a circle,

Sometimes the Lapland Belle is Not Uncomely.

with their hind quarters pressed as closely together as possible, present a front of antlers and fore feet which will do very effective work unless the wolves are too numerous. But the Arctic wolf is as crafty as he is treacherous. He knows the keen scent of the deer, and approaches them from the "leeward" side, as the sailor would say, so unless the wind shifts he can get quite close before they are aware of his presence. Should they scatter, this means one, perhaps a score of dead deer.

Their owners know of these traits, and no herd is ever left to graze without at least one or two guardians. Some have dogs which help keep the animals together and even attack the wolves. They have a curious way of keeping a herd from stampeding. Instinct tells the reindeer a rope or thong means captivity, and even the wildest are afraid of a strap. Each herder carries a coil of rawhide, perhaps fifty or one hundred feet in length, thrown over his shoulder. When on duty his eye is continually upon the animals. Should one of them throw up its head and start away from the rest, the man runs at full speed to get in front of it. Reaching a point where the deer must cross his path, he unwinds the thong and lets it trail along the ground. As soon as the deer sees it, he stops and trembles in fear. Nothing can induce him to go over it, and he is easily turned back to the rest of the herd. Should five or six or a dozen stampede in different directions, it is a difficult piece of work to capture them.

In winter, to get at the moss, the reindeer digs through snow banks six feet and more in depth. He eats away at the vegetation as far as he has uncovered it, and then moves about until his nose tells him where another clump of moss exists—and makes another burrow. Thus he continues hour after hour, apparently tireless.

"Among the family groups are to be seen highly intelligent faces."

A herd of a hundred deer soon rob several acres of ground of the moss patches, even though all of it is snow covered: in summer, the birch and willow trees are stripped of their tender shoots as far as the deer can reach their muzzles. There is an unwritten law in Lapland to destroy every vestige of a camp-fire after it has cooked the meals, for in summer the moss, under the rays of the ever-present sun, becomes literally as dry as tinder, and a careless spark may kindle a fire which will destroy the grazing over hundreds of miles of territory.

The Mother Carries Her Child in a Cradle of Reindeer Skin.

As it is, the Lapps are gradually but surely passing away. In the struggle for existence they have not been victorious. Hardy as they have become through long endurance, the poverty of a region unfit for human habitation is decreasing their numbers, and each year finds fewer in the bands which go from place to place. One sure sign, so say those who are most familiar with them, is the diminishing herds of deer, for no actual census has ever been taken of the *fjeld* folk. In ten years, it is estimated from their own statements, they have declined in number from 10,000 to 7,000. At this rate the true Laplanders will soon become a people of yesterday, and the pigmy nation have dropped out of sight forever.

On the Edge of the Lapp's Country.

IN AT THE DEATH

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAX KLEPPER

"If you can't learn to ride, learn to fall soft."— *Hunting Proverb.*

WE WERE down at Mallowby, Virginia, for the fox hunting. By we, I mean the Duke—he is n't really a duke, you know—Tommy, Dickie, and myself. We were quartered at the Valley Inn, but we lunched and dined at Paradise, Maxwell Maxwell's jolly big estate just outside the village. He says he calls it Paradise because it 's so hard to get to: Mallowby, you know, is ten miles from the railroad. The Duke asked him why he did n't call it Brooklyn. When it comes to making jokes, Maxwell and the Duke finish about even. We had met Maxwell the summer before up at Island Lake, when Tommy and Dickie had played golf from the third floor to the office ink-well and Max had won ninety dirty dollars on Tommy. But that 's another yarn, as some writer chap says.

Anyhow, Maxwell Maxwell had asked us down for the hunting, and we had gone, and were jolly glad of it, for he had shown us a good time from the start. There 's just Max and his sister, Grace. She 's ten kinds of a thoroughbred. She 's about twenty, with brown hair that has streaks in it, gray eyes that would drive a chap to absinthe, and cheeks that turn a hunting coat pea-green. They just live there alone, with about a million servants, and make their friends happy. Paradise is a bully good name for the place, I tell you. Maxwell Maxwell says he raises horses; anyway, he has a whole bunch of stables; but Dickie says the only thing he ever saw Max raise was Cain.

Max had quite a crowd staying at the house, so he put us up at the inn. The inn is n't so bad, really; only if you ever go down there, ride 'round the juleps; they make 'em too sweet.

Well, the Hunt Ball was to come off on Saturday night. We 'd been there about a week then, and the Duke and Tommy were knee-deep with Miss Maxwell; Tommy was simply mired and could n't talk about anything else. But there were others, too, and so when they got to talking about the ball—this was Friday night—and were both asking her for dances, they found that she had only three left. She gave one to the Duke and one to Tommy, and then they each wanted the third. They quarreled about it for a long time; that is, the Duke and Tommy quarreled, and Miss Maxwell looked on and laughed. Finally she turned to me.

"What would you do, Mr. Annismead?" she asked.

"Why," said I, "you might just give it to me, you know, and then there would n't be any more jolly rowing about it."

But the Duke said no; that rather than have Miss Maxwell suffer he 'd poison Tommy off with a mint julep at the inn. The Duke's jokes are beastly bad sometimes. Then, after they 'd each tried to buy each other off and found they could n't, Miss Maxwell settled it herself.

"I 'll tell you," said she. "The one that earns it shall have it."

"Thank you," said the Duke. "It 's mine."

"I 've had frightful luck all season," she said, "and have n't won a single brush. And to-morrow, Max says, I must ride The Drudge because Country Girl has a silly strain or something. The Drudge is fast enough, but she simply can't jump. And as we 're to start at Newchurch there 'll be nothing but fences. Now, I must have a brush. In exchange for it I 'll give the—let me see—the eighth dance. If neither of you win it it shall go to"—she looked about and saw me—"to Mr. Annismead. Those, gentlemen, are the conditions."

"Done!" cried Tommy.

"Say no more," said the Duke. "The brush is yours."

When we got back to the inn about ten we had up some Scotch-and-sodas, and the Duke and Tommy sat on their beds in pajamas and told each other how he—that is, the

other fellow—had n't the ghost of a show. They are both A1 riders, and are n't afraid of any jump that ever happened. Perhaps the Duke had a bit the better of it when it came to mounts, for he weighs about a hundred and eighty, and Max had given him Anthracite, a big, long-legged black horse with a stride like a camel, and almost the best thing in the stable. Tommy, who rode at one hundred and thirty, was to have Soubrette, a smallish brown mare with a nasty temper and lots of speed. It looked like anybody's game to Dickie and me. About midnight we got tired of hearing them jaw and went off to bed, for the meet was to be four miles off, at eight o'clock.

"To hear you two talk," said I, as I went out, "you 'd think there was n't going to be any one else in the field. But there 's just one thing certain—I get the eighth dance."

You ought to have heard 'em howl.

There was an early breakfast next morning just at daylight: bacon and eggs and those round, flat messes of flour they call beaten biscuits: the Duke says they have him beat. There was coffee, too, and tall glasses of brandy-and-soda: awful good stuff to start a hunt on. The nags were outside, and we four mounted and trotted through a misty morning for Newchurch. It was fun to see Tommy and the Duke sizing each other up. Tommy looked a bit done; fancy he had n't slept very well; but the Duke was as fresh as a caddie. As for the horses, they were in top shape and eager for sport. We found the crowd waiting in a hillside meadow with the Mallowby hounds, eighteen couples, imitating a xylophone in the brush. The Duke and Tommy cut across for Miss Maxwell, and Dickie and I followed.

She was looking as pretty as a picture in the back of a magazine. Her hair was sort of tied up in a bunch under her derby and her dark brown habit more than fitted her. When we came up Tommy was simply gasping, and the Duke was fussing with her stirrup-leather and looking as though he wanted to steal her boot. There was n't much time for talking, for all on a sudden a silly dog set up a yowl and the fun was on. The Duke jumped into his saddle without touching stirrup, took off his hat to Miss Maxwell, and pointed for the fence. But Tommy was yards to the good. The hounds were streaming out of cover into the next field, and I thought they 'd never stop coming; it was like a stage procession. Maxwell Maxwell, who is M. F. H., and Gregory, the huntsman, were close up to the pack, and behind them was a bunch of some two dozen riders and the whip. Tommy and the Duke were on equal terms half way across the next field, while Miss Maxwell and Dickie and I were taking things easier.

I 'm not much of a rider; a five-barred fence gives me creeps down my spine, while the shout, "Ware wire!" almost knocks me out of my saddle. I fancy it 's about the same way with Dickie Boswell, only he won't own up. On the flat I 'll ride with the next chap, but this thing of playing you 're a ping-pong ball does n't appeal. The first fence was easy, a decent enough three-rail affair, and we three, with a half-dozen other late 'uns, got over in good shape. But I noticed, just the same, that The Drudge looked as if he had a mind not to take it. It was hard going then, up hill, with the ground slippery with the thaw, and when we reached the summit and turned west along a snake-fence, the field was three short to the good, with the Duke on Anthracite and Tommy on Soubrette pretty nearly leading. Then they swung to the left out of sight.

The beast I was on was a nasty puller, but what you might call disgustingly safe. Miss Maxwell gave The Drudge his head for a bit, and Dickie and I followed alongside. When the turn came we found we had gained some: the pack was strung out like a ribbon along a creek below us. It was a gallop down hill then to a narrowish ford, and we were up with the main push again. But once across, the M. F. H., the huntsman, and the

whip, followed by half a dozen of the best, set a sharp pace up a slight rise and were out of sight again over a ridge. When we got there we found another fence, a five-rail thing, and I looked for gaps. Dickie went right over, and Miss Maxwell tried it, too, but The Drudge refused.

"There's a gap here to the right," I called; but she shook her head, wheeled again, and went back at it. Dickie was half a field away and the stragglers came up, some of them taking the jump and some trotting along looking for something easier. I fancy Miss Maxwell didn't like the idea of having the others see her stumped by a little old rail fence, for her cheeks got red, and she put The Drudge at the jump for the third time. At the last moment she thumped him one with the crop, and the brute rose and took it finely. Well, it was up to me. There was no time to go hunting for breaks, so I jabbed my gee, shut my eyes, and gripped my knees. Up we went, and just when I was thinking of patting myself on the back he struck the top rail with a silly hoof, and I tore a long gash in the red earth with my left cheek-bone.

But I was n't hurt, and Miss Maxwell, who had wheeled and was waiting for me, looked so sympathetic that I did n't much mind. The brute of a horse had the sense to stand still after he was up, and presently we were hitting the high places again. But we were all out of it now. Once in a while we could hear the dogs, but there was n't a soul in sight, except two or three stragglers like ourselves. We 'd done about two miles by that time, and the pace had n't been extra cool. We made around two sides of a field of winter wheat, got over a broken-down snake-fence, and found ourselves in a thicket. There was a cart track through it, but not a sign of a hoof was to be seen. We were fairly out of the running and knew it. Miss Maxwell pulled up, and I followed suit. She looked at me and I looked at her.

"Well?" she said.

"Damn!" said I.

"Thank you," said she. Then she sighed, felt of her back hair, and turned her horse. "If Max ever mentions the name of this brute to me again I 'll—I 'll pull his hair out!"

"Do you know where we are?" I asked. She nodded.

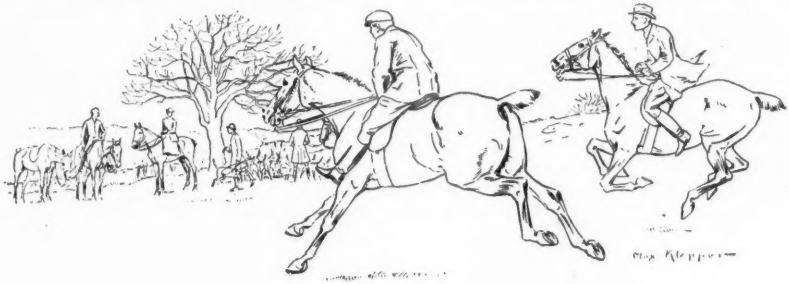
"Dunham's; the house is a quarter of a mile beyond." She pointed down the road with her crop. "Let 's go on," she said.

"I say," said I, "I 'm awfully sorry about this. If you had n't waited for me at that silly fence back there you could have caught up. It 's all my fault."

"Tommyrot," she said. "I was hopelessly out of it then. Come on, I 'll race you to the house."

It was a poor looking shack when we reached it; had mortgages sticking out all over it. We tied the hunters to a post and went inside and had buttermilk; awful stuff, buttermilk, but I made believe I liked it, and Miss Maxwell said it was good for my complexion. After that we went out and sat on the edge of the porch. The sun was shining by then, and it was a jolly sort of day. We got on rather well, she and I. We wondered how the Duke and Tommy were making it, and I said I hoped they 'd break their bally necks so I 'd get that dance. She laughed a bit and said I was frightfully bloodthirsty, and just then we heard a sound that brought us both to our feet. From the porch we could see up the road to where it dipped over a hill, and just as we looked Mr. Fox slipped across it about three hundred yards away and went into cover back of the stables. Then the pack came in sight.

We did n't say a word; just got into saddle some old way and lit out around the house, jumped the garden fence into a bed of turnips, got out through a gate that hap-



pened to be open, went lickety-split through an old orchard—I lost my hat there—and found the pack crossing a wheat field.

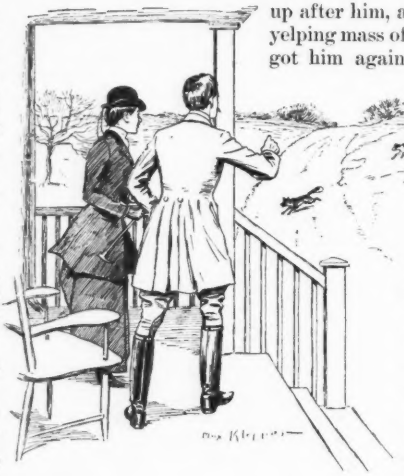
"Ware wheat!" I shouted.

"Bother the wheat!" said she, and headed straight across the field. I followed. When we reached the other side I looked back. The M. F. H. and four others were just taking the jump into the field. I thought one of the four was the Duke, but was n't certain, and there was n't time to investigate, for there was another fence ahead. We got over nicely and saw Reynard running with head high and the dogs, just behind, yelping like sin.

"They 'll have him in a minute!" called Miss Maxwell, her eyes dancing as she turned. "He 's made a circle and is harking back to Newchurch! Come on!"

I was coming on as fast as I could, but my nag was no match for The Drudge, and I kept getting farther and farther behind. In a minute or two Maxwell Maxwell was alongside, riding away over, and another minute he was by me. Then came the whip, swearing like fun, and then the huntsman swearing some more. I whacked my gee, did a little cussing myself, and tried to keep up with them. The pack was out of sight across a pasture, and so was Miss Maxwell. I looked back again. Behind us, maybe a field away, came Tommy and the Duke, neck and neck, riding like mad. Then I followed the huntsman through a gate, crossed a road, took a three-railed fence, and found a long slope before me with a creek at the bottom and the pack yelping murder around a dead chestnut tree. I gave a howl and went down that hill as fast as Dobbin would foot it.

When I got to the bottom there were Miss Maxwell and her brother and the whip beating off the hounds, and the huntsman just dropping out of the saddle. Mr. Fox, ten feet up the tree, was snarling to beat the symphony orchestra. Gregory shinned



up after him, and down he plumped into a yelping mass of dogs. When the huntsman got him again he was a bad-looking Mr. Fox, I tell you. Gregory whipped out his knife and sawed off head and tail, and Maxwell presented the brush to his sister.

"I don't know how the devil you got here, old girl," said he, "but here you are, and here's the trophy."

"And no thanks to you," said she, "for putting me on such a beast as this. If it had n't been for Mr. Annismead's piloting I 'd much better have gone home."

Maxwell turned to me with his eyebrows up, and I tried to look modest, and passed my cigarette case. And then there was a sound like a cavalry charge, and we looked up to see the Duke and Tommy just simply falling down that hillside. I fancy their nags touched ground about every fifty feet. The Duke managed to pull up in time, but Tommy went on into the creek and got very wet. Miss Maxwell waved the brush at them, and I just wish you could have seen their faces! They did n't say very much, but I noticed that when the flask went around the Duke got glued to it.

Going home I rode beside Miss Maxwell. She told me to. The Duke tried to edge me off, but she would n't have it. "It 's Mr. Annismead," said she, "that I have to thank for the only brush I 've won this year."

"I don't see," grumbled Tommy, who was riding as close behind as he could get, "I don't see how you got here."

"Ah," said Miss Maxwell, "that was finesse. There 's nothing like cutting the corners. I fancy we must have saved quite a mile all told, eh, Mr. Annismead?"

"Um—er—yes, quite a mile, I should say," I answered, soberly. The Duke grunted. I heard Tommy swear. Maxwell and Gregory were talking over the run.

"Doubled right back," Gregory was saying, "and would have gone to earth just where we found him, I'll bet, if the hounds had n't nabbed him. All of five miles, it was, and

the hottest pace this year. And did you notice The Drudge? He's scarcely turned a hair!"

"Um!" said Maxwell. I did n't fancy his tone.

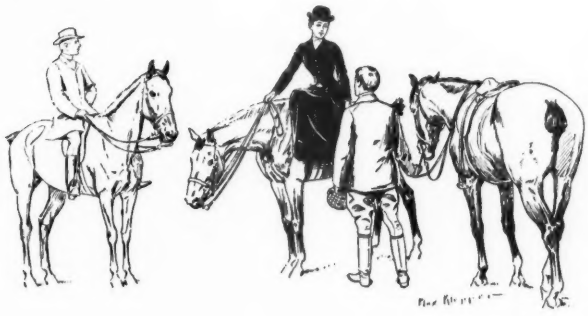
Later, after lunch, the Duke tried to draw me out in the billiard room. "Now, 'fess up, Annie," said he. "It was all fool luck, was n't it? You know you can't ride a horse any more than you can fly! Own up, like a good little chap."

"Riding is n't everything, Most Noble Duke; science——"

"Science be blowed! You know you 're a regular duffer, Annie."

"Duffer or not," said I, grinning, "I get the eighth dance!"

And I did.



EVENING

By EMERY POTTLE

SO FADES the sun's last golden glint
Upon the pines, and vague green stillness falls.
The trout brook calls
With rippled voice to some blithe bird,
Which answers shyly on the evening wind:
I smell the tang of fresh-crushed mint,
Against my hand my dog's cold, honest nose;
As twilight flows
Across the land with gradual tide unheard
From out the hill's deep purple wood,
I think that never seems the world so good,
Or God so kind.

THE GARDEN OF THE SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY

By CHARLES W. LEAVITT, Jr.

IF A day is spent in one of our suburban towns and careful observation made of, say, 100 lots, taking only those that have a frontage on the street of 100 feet or less, and a depth, from the street, of 200 feet or so—in other words, lots of less than half an acre—it will, I venture to say, be astonishing to find how closely they resemble one another. It will be found that the general arrangement is a little piece of land in front of the house with either a straight path up through the middle, or two paths (one from each side meeting in the middle and leading to the front door); then a path around one, and sometimes both sides of the house to the kitchen door. In the rear is a small plot of land for drying clothes, with possibly a little vegetable garden. Between the paths in front, on the side, and not infrequently in the rear, is a thin looking lawn, made so by a variety of trees sprinkled about at such intervals that they will give all the shade possible, keeping out the sun, and making the ground damp, sour, and just about impossible for any sort of flowers or shrubbery. Generally, a few coleas or geraniums, bought each year from the florist at considerable expense, manage to live through the season, and must be resupplied the next year. If this same money could be put into good, hardy stock of flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants, several times the area which the hot-house bedding plants occupy could be planted and made part of a permanent garden.

The place is often surrounded by a picket or board fence which has to be painted every two years or it will decay in six or seven: then it will have to be entirely renewed or be patched and held up by "Dutchmen," braces, and props that look very shabby. Such a fence cannot be covered by vines or made anything but a stiff and glaring object. A movement was started a few years ago to do away with these fences, and it was perfectly astonishing how popular it became and how rapidly the fences disappeared. Almost every one needed a new fence, and here was a good excuse not to rebuild it, but to get some fire-wood and also to be in style. In the center of the lot you will find the object of distinction, the house.

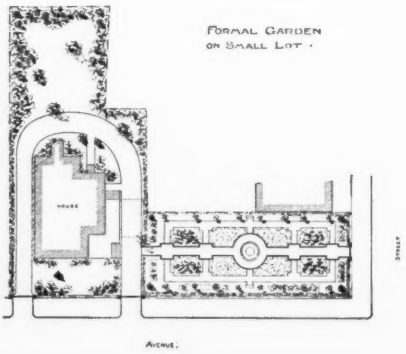


Fig. 1.

Since suburban life became popular and necessary, some thirty years ago, there seemed to be born in man a desire to have a house different from his neighbors, and the result is often startling. The authority for the architecture of these houses can rarely be found, as they are almost always original creations without any reference to precedent.

There is no doubt that lots should be distinct one from another, and be treated in as many different ways as possible. Really, the only practical way to accomplish this is to have each owner put some of his own individuality into the work. To secure this in an age of specialists is a perplexing matter, for it seems impossible that a great number of owners should have any knowledge of architectural design, artistic coloring, or the historic precedents which give the architect the foundation stones for his beginning.

If an intelligent man, interested in a trade, a business, or profession, be asked

why he carries on his work as he does, he will usually tell the reasons and cite precedents which have become almost axioms to him and enabled him to at least be sure of certain parts of his work. He will then say that on these things he builds up his work, and uses his own ingenuity to make it attractive and necessary to the public. It will, I think, then appeal to him as reasonable that in starting out to build a home in the country he should take the time to ascertain a few of the fundamental elements of design, so the house he builds will not destroy the effect of any garden which may afterward be arranged about it.

After the house has been designed, the matter of its location upon the lot is one for much study. For instance, if a man has a level lot, his natural inclination would be to set the house back from the street (we will assume that his lot is 200 feet deep, and any other depths may be worked out in proportion), say 40 feet; then, assuming that the porch, house, and kitchen extension occupy 50 feet, he would have left in the rear 110 feet; in other words, about one half of the lot will be occupied by the house and the front approach, and the remaining one half used for garden purposes. If we get down to a lot 25x100 feet, we would then place the house on the street and have 50 feet of garden in the rear. It is, however, largely a matter of choice whether this half of the lot used as garden should be in the front of the house or in the rear; but I would think that the majority of people would prefer it in the rear. As they have the street in front for ventilation, it would be best to keep the houses apart, so as to have a further ventilation in the rear. Any rule that can be laid down would not, however, necessarily be right in more than one location. For instance, if the land should rise very abruptly from the street, you would probably want to have the house set quite close to your rear line and all your garden in the front, as it would be very safe to assume that the neighbor in the rear would keep his house close to the street and have his garden in the rear. Naturally he would not want to put his house down too far below the street. There are a number of towns in Italy built on the hillsides, where the difference in elevation between

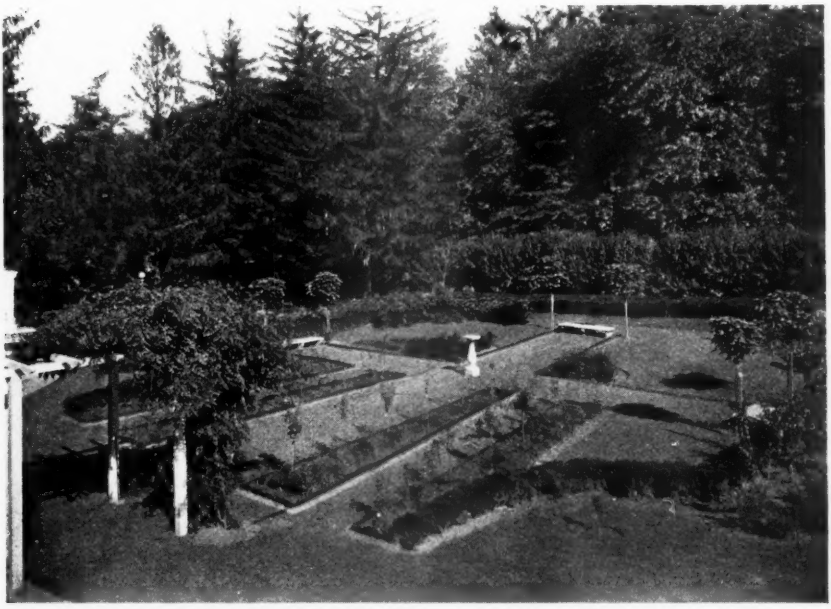


Fig. 2.—This Sort of Formal Garden is Made to Beautify an Ugly-Looking Slope Between House and Street.

the streets is very great, and they have often worked their problem out in a picturesque and satisfactory way. For instance, a man whose lot drops off abruptly from the street will not attempt to keep his house at the street elevation, but will put it back a short distance. Then, by building a retaining wall to the street, he will get an area-way or plot between the house and street, which, when decorated with vines and plants, and with some steps leading down through the wall, can be made most attractive. The man who owns a lot which rises abruptly from the street has a far more difficult problem to contend with, for though it may appear to have better drainage, there will of necessity be a very stiff approach to the house from the street. It is much more pleasant and effective to look down on a terrace or garden than up at it, and one should be very careful to break an approach by either a winding walk or some steps in keeping with the architecture of his house and broken by broad landings or terraces.

In choosing the lot a man should bear in mind that if it is either above or below the street, he must make ample allowance for proper grading; otherwise I should advise his buying a lot on a level with the street.

I thoroughly believe in fencing a property. It should be done before the development of the ground is taken up. The fence should be as permanent as possible, as it should be subsequently decorated with vines and plants, which will make it not only a division between two properties, but in itself a thing of beauty. Of course, the most permanent and handsome division may be made with a stone or brick wall, over which vines will readily grow. This should be decorated on top with pots of plants. If water is not an expensive luxury, which unfortunately is generally the case in most of our villages, a small wall fountain can be introduced effectively by securing a stone or terra cotta head or some architectural object against the brick or masonry wall, allowing the water to pass out and flow into a basin where a few aquatic plants may be grown.

Of course, such a stone or brick wall is expensive, and if the owner's means do not permit of such an extravagance he may put up an iron fence of some strength and stability. Even a light wire fence would be far more permanent and satisfactory than wood.

I was much impressed with the result obtained by putting up iron and wire fences and covering them with climbing roses, ivies, wistaria, trumpet vines, cobæas, and honeysuckles, in the town of Bâle on the line between Germany and Switzerland. The gardens are very small, being in many instances 20x40, 40x60, and 60x100 feet—simply the space in the rear and sides of the lots. The fences are 6 or 7 feet high on the sides and rear, and 4 or 5 feet high in front, and are a mass of vines and flowers. You really do not see anything but foliage and blossoms; it is simply a green wall bedecked with flowers. It gives the whole place a freshness and fragrance most restful to the eye and forms a beautiful background for any arrangement of flowers which may be made in the lot itself. One of these fences of vines is, I think, within the scope of almost any one having a property, and in the end will be found much more economical than wooden construction.

It should be borne in mind that the paths are a matter of utility and necessity rather than one of beauty, and that unless arranged in the form of a little formal garden of some well proportioned design, are rather objects to be obscured from view than brought into prominence. One should not attempt to get as much as possible into a small space, but choose rather a simple pattern than one of a complicated nature.

The temptation is to elaborate on the detail, and unless the detail is extremely good it is, as a rule, unfortunate. For instance, a man will erect a wooden or iron structure, surrounded by some paths edged with white-washed stones or cockle shells; unless the thing is done with extraordinary skill it is distressing. It appears that he has attempted to do something and has not succeeded because the work itself is bad. If, however, the paths can be laid out with some reference to the design of the house and edged with ivy, box, brick, or some sort of stone, and the flower beds laid out within the enclosures made by the paths in borders along the paths, so that they may be easily taken care of, and perhaps a grass space left between the beds, you can have the garden in keeping with the house.

Inasmuch as houses built on small properties are generally of wood, I do not think it often advisable for a man to undertake architectural features in his garden; still if the house be a handsome one, and he

has the means to introduce one or more objects of art, such as a sundial, a stone statue, a pergola, a stone seat, a good jardiniere or vase—either of stone or terra cotta—the effect may be very good and quite appropriate. I would call attention here to the fact that there is a terra cotta made which very closely resembles buff Indiana limestone and is quite strong enough to withstand our climate. It may be had at a very much less cost than stone. For instance, jardinieres can be purchased at from five dollars to thirty dollars each. They may be placed at the junction of two paths, a foundation of stone or gravel to insure their being dry and also to act as drains for the land to prevent its becoming wet and sour. The planting areas should have at least two feet of good, rich soil and be free from stone or other hard materials. Lawns should have a depth of at least twelve inches of good rich soil, so that the grass may send in deep roots and not dry out during the hot weather.

The most practical way of getting the lawn in this condition is to begin at one end and spade over or trench the planting areas to a depth of two feet and the lawns to a

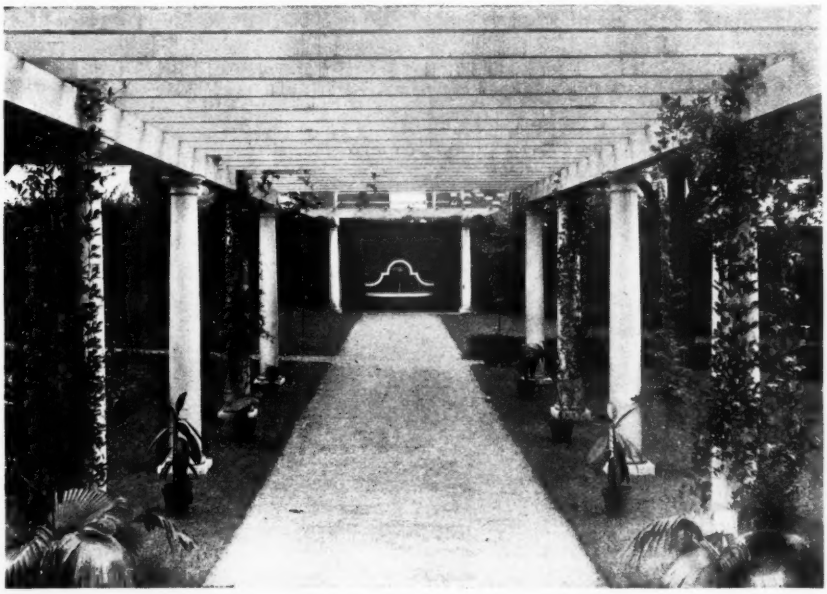


Fig. 3.—A Form of Grape Arbor Which You May Build to Shade Your Walk.

at the end of a path, in a niche in the wall, on top of the wall, or in a corner of the garden, and very good effects obtained. The selection and location are subjects to be very carefully studied, and an attempt should be made to obtain the desired effect from one or possibly two or three such objects, and not introduce half a dozen. I can easily imagine a good place being ruined by over-indulgence in such objects.

The preparation of the ground for walks and planting is of great importance and should be done before any planting or finishing is attempted. The walks should have depth of twelve inches, removing all the stones and poor material and loosening up the ground thoroughly. Any good soil found in the lines of the paths may be dug out to its full depth and spread over the planting areas and lawns. All the stones and bad material may be placed in the lines of the walks.

A sufficient amount of good soil should then be imported and used to bring the planting areas and lawns to a proper grade. Gravel, broken stone, or some suitable material should be imported to bring the walks to grade and give a hard, porous sur-

face. These walks, as I have said elsewhere, should be covered with some bright material like white pebbles or something of that nature, which will tend to throw the planting areas into relief.

We now come to the question of planting. This is a matter which every one can readily become familiar with by study. It is so fascinating that if one starts even with the intention of finding out a little, he will, without appreciating the fact, soon become very enthusiastic and be carried on into deeper studies. It is perhaps as good a way as any for a layman to start his studies of plants by getting a number of nursery catalogues and reading them carefully. Here are found displayed in their most alluring colors all the plants which one would ordinarily wish to use or know about. It is then most interesting to visit a nursery and talk things over with the nurseryman and thus learn a little more. One will almost invariably find the nurseryman willing to take any amount of time to explain what he has to sell. After one has advanced this far he may with propriety buy some books on gardening, of which he will understand enough to be intelligently interested. Should he have the means, he may then consult some professional adviser and obtain a few suggestions from him which may save him in the end considerable expense. This, however, I do not think necessary, as he can purchase some plants, set them out, and change their combinations from year to year, thus obtaining a great deal of amusement and considerable knowledge. In this way he will take much more interest than if the stock were planted by some one else.

Along the street front is usually to be found an avenue of trees. If it is not already there, it is pretty safe for the owner to put some shade trees in front of his lot, such as maples, lindens, oriental planes, or horse chestnuts. This being done, it might be well to pick out several points on the lot, preferably a point to the west and one to the south, and put in some deciduous trees, such as magnolia (in varieties), pin oak, red oak, Kentucky coffee tree, liriodendron, sweet gum, catalpa, and box elder. About these may be grouped some shrubs, such as Forsythia, barberry, spiræa (in variety), Japan quince, mock orange, lilac, snowballs *(Viburnum plicatum);* also *Viburnum opulis, Prunus pissardii,* and golden elder. I might go on almost indefinitely mentioning names and turn this article into a catalogue, but I have simply given the foregoing as illustrations. For instance, if the oak trees were put in the background, and in front of them the magnolias, and perhaps in front of them some copper beeches, you could then work in some deutzias, weigelas, *Prunus pissardii,* and in front of them the spiræas and barberries, thus making the group high in the back and sloping down to the ground in front, and the whole display of the planting would be open to the observer. Such a group as this will cast considerable shade, and for the heat of the day a small bower may be made under the large trees, and late in the afternoon a shadow would fall, for instance, on the kitchen, which becomes very hot at that time of the day in summer. On the north and east sides of the house, I would suggest putting groups of evergreens, such as Colorado blue spruce, concolor spruce, hemlock, white pine, and Austrian pine for a background, with George Peabody, *Retinispora aurea, Retinispora nana, Pinus mughus,* and box in the foreground. In this group could be introduced some rhododendrons, *Andromeda floribunda,* and perhaps holly. These will form a shield from the north and east winds. In the center of the lot I would not plant trees, but leave it open to obtain the sunlight and air. Here the garden may be laid out as has been before suggested, with the vegetables in the rear, always excepting a border of a foot or so where a row of hollyhocks or sunflowers may be planted to give a little color. I would put in front of the vegetables, and in a few beds between them, some groups of foxglove, coxcomb, foxtail, larkspur, gentian, hardy chrysanthemum, hardy roses, dahlias, and various kinds of lilies. On the corners where the paths join, it is not out of the way to plant box trees, and trim them up in rather formal shape. Perhaps along the walk one may put some fruit trees on trellises, which are very decorative and at the same time practical. The paths themselves, I think, might well be covered with some white gravel, as it will serve to throw in relief the green foliage and color of the plants.

The suggestions heretofore made, and also the arrangements to which reference is about to be made, are applicable as well to small country places like those in the Adirondacks, the Catskills, in New England, and elsewhere, as they are to some nearby

city suburbs. There are almost as many people interested in obtaining a home to which they can go over Sunday and use for the summer as there are who are absolutely dependent upon going in and out from town every day, and must, therefore, be near the city.

Only a few illustrations can be shown in this space, but these have been selected with reference to the specific points. Figure 1 shows a small plot, about 50x100 feet, on which was constructed a large house; there was practically no ground left for gardens. On the corner adjacent was a lot some 40x80 feet, with an old shanty on it which was quite an eyesore to the general community. This lot was purchased and developed into a formal garden, as shown by the plan, and brought to a very high degree of cultivation. Also some architectural features were introduced, such as a central fountain, some stone seats, and a wall fountain placed against the adjacent house. The rear of both of these lots was protected from the neighbors by a high wire fence covered by vines: the front was enclosed by an iron railing.

The development of this lot was quite expensive, owing to the cost of the front railing and the architectural features; but it would be possible to develop just such a plot, exclusive of this work, without going to a greater expense than five hundred dollars.

In one instance the slope of the ground from a street to a house was quite abrupt, and in order to obtain some level ground for the house this slope was graded back and a small formal garden constructed with some roses and box borders, as illustrated by Figure 2. At the front of the house, opposite the entrance from the drive, the slope was quite severe and an earth terrace was formed with steps leading down to a lower plateau, which was protected at the foot by a small retaining wall and ballustrade. At the side of the lot beyond was a very rugged, old brick wall which was quite ugly. Against this wall a terra cotta lion's head was secured and a small pool built beneath. A little trellis was erected, over which a grapevine will be grown. Between the fountain and the house a grape arbor, or pergola, was constructed, and this has given a very pleasant effect from the piazza, as shown in Figure 3. I would say that the formal garden, the wall fountain, and the pergola in this instance were all very simple, and could, I think, if properly designed, be brought within the scope of any one de-

Fig. 4.—A Dry Wall with a Hedge Just Inside Makes a Very Good Entrance.

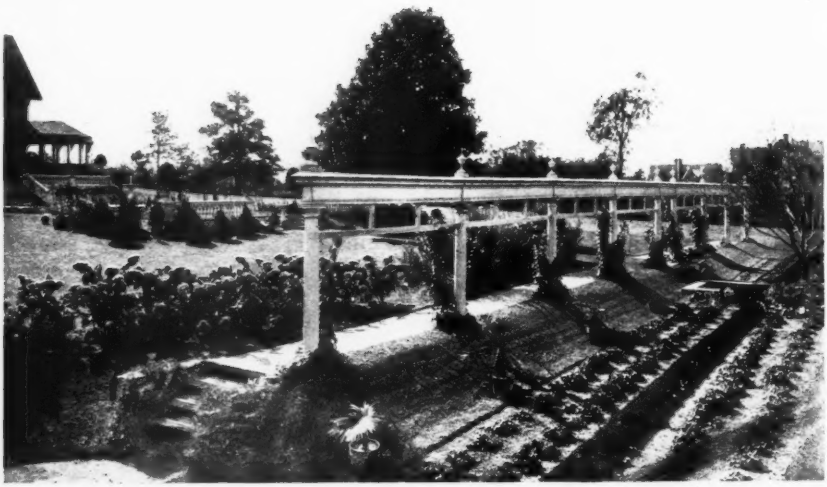


Fig. 5.—A Peristyle Forms a Good Division Line Between Flower and Vegetable Garden.

siring such a treatment. The elaborateness of these designs could be modified and made practical for a man not wishing to spend much money.

A very good treatment for an entrance may be made by a dry wall with a hedge planted just inside and perhaps some ornamental planting behind it, such as you will note in Figure 4.

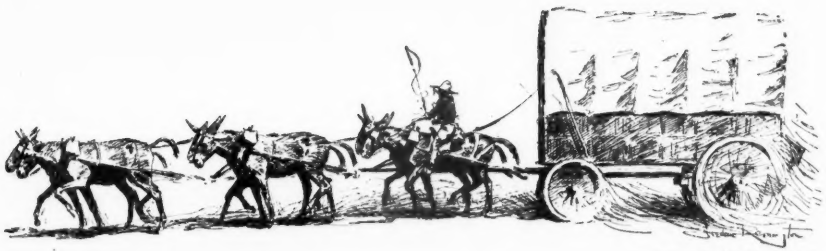
Very often a man is puzzled as to how to divide his vegetable garden from his formal or flower garden. This problem has been solved in one instance by the construction of a peristyle, as shown in Figure 5, over which vines will eventually be grown. This or a simple structure of wood, painted white and placed just at the top of the bank, below the formal garden and on the inner side of the vegetable garden: when covered properly it will form a complete screen.

It would seem apparent to almost every one that not only practical, but beautiful, results may be obtained on small country properties if a reasonable amount of thought be expended in the formation of a plan before the work is started, and if the plans are carried out conscientiously and not spoiled by a change of mind or lack of faith.

Many plans have been spoiled by changing them before they have been fully executed, as one quite frequently becomes frightened when in the middle of a piece of work, because he does not thoroughly understand what the eventual result is going to be.

It is almost invariably the case that a well-conceived and well-thought-out plan will result in a good effect, and he who undertakes to carry it out should have the confidence of his own convictions and see it through to the end.

Nature does a great deal for us, and even a very bad plan often looks very well after a few years' time; so we should feel that everything is in our favor, and if we do only a little in the way of design, we may expect to be very well repaid. It is, however, always essential that proper food in the shape of good soil be supplied, as otherwise plants, shrubs, and trees cannot be expected to develop, and upon their growth largely depends the beauty of any property.



Drawing by Frederic Remington.

THE OLD TRANSCONTINENTALS

BULL-WHACKER! throw out your twenty-foot lash,
Cracking like pistols and stinging like shot.
Redskins are cunning and outlaws are rash,
But the plod of your oxen will distance the lot.
Roll on through hot July,
Under the burning sky,
Coated with alkali,
Parching with thirst.
Sure-footed tortoise speed
Wins the long race at need;
Where toil and courage lead
You will be first.

Mule skinner! jerk on your eight-team-long line:
Steer the near leader and pound the off wheel.
Haul, for the post and the ranch and the mine,
Powder and sow-belly, flour and steel.
Roads may be lost in mud,
Rivers run brown with flood,
Bannocks be out for blood,
Haul just the same.
Through passes deep with snow,
When twisting blizzards blow,
Haul! though the pace be slow,
Stick to the game!

Pathfinder! fling me a diamond hitch.
Lay it quick; cinch it hard; tighten and pull.
Take off the blinders and let the brute pitch
While the load lies as close as a burr in the wool.
Freighters of olden time,
Sons of earth's golden prime,
No trail too steep to climb
Baffled you then.
Champions of border hates,
Leaders in fierce debates,
Vanguard of marching states,
Timber for men!

G. H. G.

HOW TO CATCH PICKEREL

By EDWYN SANDYS

WITHIN the dim curves of a huge, round, natural harbor lie long leagues of sunlit silence. There *is* a path of commerce, but it is like a trail across a plain. Far from it spread broad shallows, weed-matted, and walled with swaying rush and rice, where the marsh-wren scolds and the lazy breeze gossips of the outer world. Under miles of bronze-green, crowded growths, sleeps water which never smiles to direct sunlight nor feels the rough touch of boisterous breeze. Even a full-powered gale cannot crush that forever yielding, forever resisting growth. Huge, raving breakers may hurl their weight against it, may o'erwhelm the yielding front ranks, drench it with flying spindrift and drape it with ropy foam. It matters not. A long rolling of crowding bronze spears marks the progress of the valiant charge, a confused swirling indicates the final struggle, then the spears straighten in flawless array and the breaker swings not back. In the massed mystery of the marsh, it, dying, learned how countless combined small things can break the pride of the greatest.

Through serried ranks for miles wander unmeasured waterpaths, so devious and narrow that even the graceful canoe becomes a tunbellied, clumsy intruder. Many of these paths eventually dwindle to mere runways of the rat, but others lead to hidden ponds where rails trip across fairy rafts and bead-eyed ducklings mark each move of heedless insects. Edens for water-loving life these ponds would appear—they are—for *some!*

Why should the mother-rail betray nervousness, trot irresolutely, and vainly call that mouse-like chick? Why are mother-duck's feathers compressed and her eyes wild? Surely no possible peril could penetrate here? Yet the ducklings are crowded into a wee, downy raft, which, when it has loosened, will count one short. There was nothing!—no hiss of despoiler's wing, no swift shadow across the lily-padded surface, yet—— Nobody noticed that trifling, oily ripple, nor the sudden nodding of slim grasses, as a vague something lanced through the cool, green gloom. Could we silently slip below and search the slimy snarl, we should find a trim, ambushed form; if need be, swift and deadly as a javelin. Its slim length curiously blends with its surroundings; its gleaming eyes are the exact counterparts of any two of the thousand-odd wee flashes of sunlight; yet if that frictionless, lubricated form could be seized and ripped open, mother-rail and mother-duck might behold their little lost ones close packed, head-to-tail, in their new rôle of fuel for a submarine destroyer.

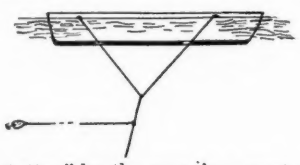
In such waters, the pike is a typical despot. Might is his right, his one question being—is this or that creature *small* enough? So long as it can be forced below his grim portcullis, it is well—that is for him. We never have heard the other side. Possibly there might be some small difference of opinion, the trouble being that the other side, when found, invariably is extremely dead.

But the pickerel, "pike" they call him, although very fond of the mystic, hidden waters, does not confine himself to such limited range. All along the outer growths, and not seldom in the broad open, he boldly prosecutes his piratical prowlings. Fearless of all but one fish, he murders here and bullies there, poking his shovel-snout into other fishes' business, or anatomy, as his whim prompts, which it invariably does. Yet he has his bad moments. When he sees a distance-dimmed form like a greatly magnified shadow of himself, his cruel heart, or whatever it is that holds his courage, fails. The important thing then is to beat his relative-lunge to the nearest thick cover. Possibly he realizes how smoothly a slim, slimy shape will slip inside a mouth like a hand-satchel driven full of carpet tacks. Anyway, he stops not on the order of his going, and he 'd go fast enough to leave a hole in the water, if he could.

So fiercely predatory a fish as the pickerel naturally falls an easy prey to the angler. Almost any moving bait will tempt a strike. A lively, silvery minnow is deadly, perhaps

the best of baits. I have taken small pickerel when still-fishing with worm bait, but I cannot recall having seen a large fish so taken. Frogs are good bait, and mice, old and hairy, or youthful and naked, will tempt upon most days, and I once took a very large pickerel by baiting with a few-days-old robin. I, of course, did not sacrifice the fledgling. It was lying dead in the path, and the ants were working at it, so it, probably, did n't in the least mind taking part in the experiment. Not infrequently big pickerel destroy domestic ducklings of a few day's growth. For such a fish, the surest bait is a dead duckling of the size and color of the ones destroyed.

A farmer living beside my favorite pickerel water had lost a number of ducklings, for the deaths of which he blamed a great "pike" he had more than once seen near a certain growth of weeds which obstructed many yards of the river. He had found and killed a sickly duckling, which he begged me to use as bait. Owing to the conditions, I had to troll, and although I worked for a couple of hours, morning and evening, the fish refused all offers, even when an extremely long line was used. I had an idea that the canoe scared the fish, so I rigged an "otter" to pull a medium-sized spoon. The "otter's" second trip did the business, and we killed an ancient freebooter, of which the farmer, presumably, was well rid. The result convinced me of the truth of my surmise concerning the previous scaring of the fish.



The "otter," by the way, is a most useful contrivance for stealthily fishing a large pond, or broad, quiet stream. It works on the principle of a kite, moving fast, or slow, according to the strain put on the cord. A useful size can be made from a three-foot board, one-half inch thick and shaped and rigged like accompanying diagram. As it has to ride on edge, the lower side is weighted with bar lead till the upper edge is about two inches above the surface. The course it will follow depends upon where the controlling cord joins the fixed loop, a shift either way meaning more or less angle to the line. Properly manipulated, the "otter" travels somewhat like a water-snake, and makes no greater disturbance. It is hardly worth using except for large and wary fish.

The most common method of taking pickerel is trolling with the long handline and gilt or silver spoon. As a rule the gold or copper-colored spoon is the better for dull, cloudy days. A higher form of trolling is with a stiff rod; but to my notion, the most artistic method is with fine tackle and live bait, or whipping or "skittering" with small spoon, or other artificial lure. Despite his cruel nature, the pickerel is by no means an unusually fast or determined fighter. Big, powerful fish, naturally, will put up quite a battle upon light tackle, but the argument seldom is prolonged. Like many men, the fish seems to fight on his temper rather than his pluck. There are hosts of men who will go into a scrimmage with a headlong dash and make matters extremely lively for a short, sharp burst, especially if they get a good start. But so soon as the first flash of anger passes and they find the opponent resolutely busy, they suddenly lose heart and weaken.

So it is with the pickerel. I have seen him force matters with brilliant speed and dash, and not unfrequently perform some astonishing maneuvers which promised the liveliest sort of long-drawn battle, only to suddenly peter out, as if lacking courage for anything of doubtful length and issue. Just why this should be so is not easily explained. The fish certainly is fierce, swift, and when held in the hand apparently very strong, yet the fact remains that he is more of a sprinter than a stayer.

The big harbor referred to is a great place for pickerel, and probably the same might be said of nine tenths of the weedy waters connected with the great lakes. Science recognizes four species of pickerel, the common eastern pickerel, or green pike; the banded, or trout pickerel; the humpbacked pickerel, and the little pickerel. The first and second of these are common in Atlantic streams, the others belong to western waters. All four, when in biting mood, and they seldom are out of it, will strike almost anything from a dragged fly to a strip of fat pork. I have in emergency used a strip cut from a pickerel's belly, and once tempted an unusually large fish by means of an oval bit of rind from a ham, above which was tied a ribbon of wrinkled tin-foil from the smoking tobacco.

And there is fun in pickerel fishing, especially in skittering with handy tackle and a small, bright spoon. With such an outfit, a man at all skilful can cast within an inch or so of any desired spot, and tempt fish after fish from snug lairs among lily-pads, rushes, rice, grass, lodged driftwood, and, in the right water, even where there is no visible stronghold. Personally, I prefer to "still-hunt" in a good canoe near the edge of weeds and along the water trails to the marsh ponds, sending the glittering cheat across every promising opening. This sort of work is none too easy; in fact, both the casting and the playing of a good fish near weeds afford ample opportunity for the exercise of an art but little inferior to the more aristocratic pastime of the storied brook.

The finest fish of the many killed was taken in a rather peculiar manner. I had paddled around the foot of the big harbor and had killed three or four good-sized fish before reaching a narrow channel which wound far through the marsh. Up this the canoe was being forced by the lazy method of laying hold of tall grass and gently pulling, when a heavy splash sounded alongside, a few yards within the seemingly wall-like mass. The sound of the splash told that an unsuspected pond was hidden by a thin wall of green, so I started to investigate. To silently force the canoe her length into the cover was a simple matter, and I found myself commanding a dark-looking pool, perhaps forty feet broad.

Wedged in the thick growth, the canoe was as stiff as a church, as I stood erect and sent the spoon as desired. The splash certainly had been caused by a heavy fish, and only a pickerel would be in such a place; yet time and again the spoon was skittered to no purpose. After about all the water had been covered, I wondered, but the natural conclusion was that the fish had just struck some good-sized prey and was temporarily satisfied. I was about to back out with the idea of working farther up the channel and trying again upon the return, when I noticed something. A storm had swept the wreck of a tree to this spot, for I could dimly discern a portion of the trunk and about a yard of submerged, stout branch which lost itself in the grass at one side. In front of this branch, the water was free of weeds, so, knowing the fish might be lying near the log, I decided to give the lure an extra-quick trip across the open spot.

This plan has not yet been carried out. As the spoon reached the center of the opening, the *branch* suddenly curved and, before I could grasp the truth, a wicked-looking pair of jaws opened and snapped shut, and there was trouble. I never had seen so large a fish actually seize a hook. He seemed to straighten and grab like a dog; then for a moment he remained motionless with the gimp curving from his clamp-like jaws. The next instant his mouth opened very wide, and his gills seemed to spread like a big frill. His action was familiarly suggestive of an attempt at vomiting, and although I could see his distended mouth, involuntarily I struck. In all likelihood a hook had pricked his swallowing gear and at once provoked the peculiar action and prevented the ejection of the undesirable morsel. At all events, the points held, and after making that peaceful pond feel like it had been struck by a small cyclone, its grim old monarch decided that a brief voyage under the doctor's care was a very necessary thing.

The doctor took some of him close to his heart, too!

Miss Bessie Anthony, Western Woman Golf Champion.

Photograph by E. Marx.

THE FOG THAT CLEARED THINGS

By WILDER DWIGHT QUINT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEWITT

IT WAS the hour of the early evening bustle on the crazy old wharf of the quaint little island of Monhegan, far out from the Maine coast. A crowd of reckless persons, young and otherwise, of both sexes, entrusted themselves with laughing abandon to the slender, swaying legs of the landing-place. What peril was there to outweigh the pleasure of seeing the mail-packet from the "main" slowly round the corner of Smutty Nose and slide clumsily up to the wharf, whose existence it threatened at every arrival?

And then to look down upon the deck of the lubberly schooner and scan the faces of the passengers, with a mild species of contempt if they were plainly novices to the curious life of this fishermen's domain—that were a satisfaction no true woman could deny herself. So the coming of the ship was a tri-weekly "festa," an occasion in which the staid and generally emotionless village folk joined with good-natured tolerance. Even to the fat truck-horse, the equine monopolist of the island, his journey for trunks was not without its allurements, for he was reasonably sure of a proffered collection of tid-bits, ranging between city confections and plug tobacco, to which latter he was by no means averse.

Now the long June day was flushing to its close, lighting the group on the wharf as if by some celestial color-slide. Over across the narrow harbor, filled with its peacefully rocking dories and stanch little fishing smacks, frowned the rocky ramparts of the majestic island of Manana, its jagged profile picked out sharp and black against the saffron sky. The beauty of the scene impressed even those whose acquaintance with it had been long and close.

"No wonder them artists come down here for their pictures," observed a stout, red-faced old islander, whose baggy serge suit and bulky watch-charm proclaimed him a man of some moment in the town. He was, in fact, its nominal and potential head, being justice of the peace, chairman of the board of selectmen, and member of the board of health. By virtue of these offices, to which were added some degree of education and a reputation for "forehandedness," he was practically president of this ocean republic. He felt the dignity of rank, and walked, talked, and prayed in meeting on large lines. He did not work, but encouraged labor on the part of others. He felt that he, being Captain Dan Pettingill, could afford to preach without practising; when a man attains to that high privilege, his place in the world is secure.

"Yes, Oscar," he continued, addressing himself to a stalwart and well-favored young fisherman who stood with him a little aloof from the crowd, "*that's* the sort of thing I *can* understand." And he waved his left hand majestically toward the glowing west. "That 's color, and, I may say, grandeur. I can't paint 'em myself, but I can appreciate the efforts of artists, even if they do come from Boston." Captain Dan had a curious and unexplained antipathy for the Massachusetts metropolis and all its works: possibly its assumed intellectual

superiority disturbed him. "I can understand their liking natur', but why these painter folks should want to make views of all the out-of-repair fish-houses and broken-down fences in the village it ain't in me to make out. They're a cur'ous set, anyway, and I don't know as we ought to have encouraged 'em to come here."

"Well, Cap'n Dan," returned the young fellow, quietly, "very likely they may not understand some of the things *we* do. Yet they never talk about them. They are very kind to us and have helped us in a good many ways. We owe them more than they do us, I guess."

"P'raps so, p'raps so," assented the older man as he started to join the chattering throng on the wharf; "but I 'll go down now to be right on deck when the packet comes in with Kate aboard, bless her. By the way, son, that 's what brings *you* here, ain't it?"

The other colored faintly.

"Yes," he replied; "Kate wrote she would come to-night."

"Glad to see her, eh?" asked Captain Dan, with a shrewd scrutiny of the young man's face.

"Glad? Yes; she 's been away a whole year; why should n't I be glad? I——"

But what further observation the junior captain—all owners of sail-boats are privileged to bear that title on Monhegan—was about to make as to the young lady in question was cut short by the mellow blast of a horn from over the shoulder of Manana. Then did the aged wharf indeed sway with high spirits.

"The packet! the packet!" was the cry, mingled with other exclamations that varied in tone from the pert and snappy raillery of the city schoolgirl to the smoothly drawled pleasantries of the seasoned fisherman.

As the broad-beamed old schooner sidled up to the wharf, her sails rattling down and her captain getting ready to hurl a small rope to nobody in particular, the figure of a young woman standing in the bow upon the fo'castle hatch was the most prominent

The Coming of the Mail.

object aboard. Whether the calm beauty of her face or the instinctive grace of her pose was the more compelling, it were not easy to say: but the girl was the one thing upon the ancient craft that commanded the admiration of the crowd, in which the artistic leaven was so strong. Her simple gray outing dress set off the roundness of her form, and a dark "Tam o' Shanter," tilted with innocent coquetry over her bronze-brown hair, completed a rare picture of feminine attractiveness.

So, especially, thought the young captain, as he looked down to the deck and caught a smile of recognition from this bright divinity who seemed sailing back to claim her island kingdom. He waved a welcome home, and then hurried down the green and slippery runway up which the packet's passengers clambered unsteadily or were pushed vigorously when the tide was low.

He reached the gunwale of the craft, then stopped suddenly. With a little tightening of the throat he saw that the pretty Kate was not alone. A blond young fellow of solid and athletic build, bearing the outward signs of the artist, real or fancied, was busying himself with the girl's wraps and *impedimenta*, seemingly quite at home in this sort of devotion. Another glance nearly reassured the captain.

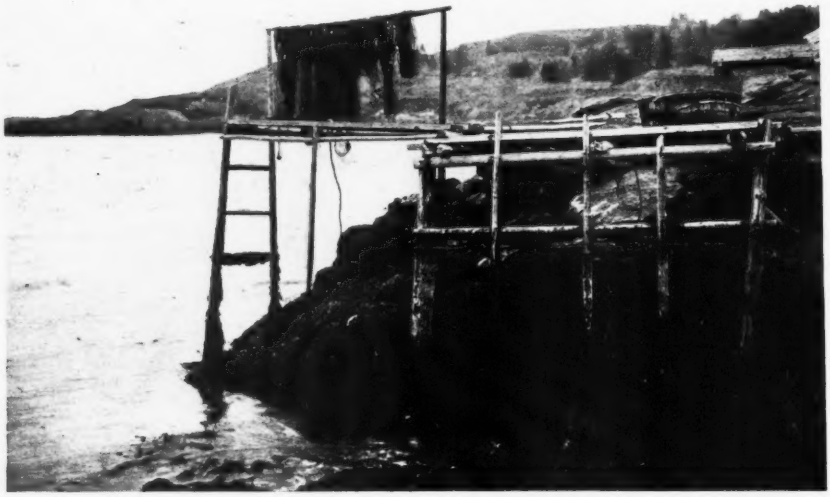
"Pshaw! it 's only Hensley come down for the summer: he knew her last year," was his thought. And then he hastened to vault the taffrail and greet the young woman. Their hands clasped firmly for a moment, yet he felt a twinge of disappointment; perhaps he had expected a lingering pressure which had not come.

"I 'm glad to see you, Kate," was his simple welcome.

"I 'm glad to see *you*, Oscar, and I 'm not sorry to get home. How beautiful it all is. And the air—oh, it 's beyond anything! Why, I had almost forgotten what it was like after a year in the city. But how is Uncle Dan?"

"Hearty as ever," roared a voice over their heads; "and happier to clap eyes on you than Bill Sanderson is to see a halibut. Come up and give your uncle a smack."

The smacking having been duly attended to, the luggage all accounted for, and the fat truck-horse honored with a caress, the little party started for the Pettingill house. Hensley had taken his leave with an air that had exasperated Captain Oscar. To him there seemed an indefinable cloud over



"The slender, swaying legs of the landing place."

"Across the harbor frowned the rocky ramparts of Manana, its profile black against the saffron sky."

this home-coming. As they walked on he moodily watched a gay bevy of girls fluttering along behind the weather-burned master of the packet, who carried the mail-bag to the post-office, like doves after some one with corn. He wondered if any of them, away from home, were undergoing the process of forgetting. Then he cursed himself for suspicions founded on nothing but the slenderest of intuitions. Was this the way of love? Would she have met him thus, had he been the wanderer? He looked at the lovely profile, now softened by the dusk, and felt his unworthiness. Though they had never plighted their faith after the simple fashion of the islanders, he remembered the tenderness of their parting a year ago, the many little words and acts that had told their small world his secret, at least. Hope revived in him, yet such is the com-

"Could never see a group near some old fish-house without feeling it was of him they were talking."

mon perversity of human nature, he could find no word to say.

They had now ascended the hill where stood Cap'n Dan's house, spotless in a new coat of paint and brave with its old-fashioned flower garden in front. Lights twinkled from the windows and a fine scent of frying fish was wafted upon the stony road.

Above them, high on its evergreen-crowned slope, towered the splendid lighthouse, and, already, great shafts of phantom gold were slowly turning through the darkened air. The girl's joy at home-coming burst forth anew as they lingered a moment at the gate.

"Ah, the light, the faithful old light!" she cried. "Don't tell me it's been shining every night. I want to think it has just flashed out again to welcome me home."

The young man smiled wistfully.

"What should we have done all winter with no light, and you gone, too, Kate?"

Standing in the little yard with the flowers waist-high around them, Oscar felt a great temptation to clasp the girl tight and tell her everything of his hopes and fears. That he did not was perhaps due less to his sense of delicacy than to the appearance of Cap'n Dan in the open doorway, lamp in hand and hospitality writ large on his ruddy face.

"Come in, son," he called; "come right in and have supper with us. Marthy ain't seen you for a dog's age, and Kate's dyin' to get all the island news, I'll guarantee."

"Yes, do," said the girl.

"Thank you both, but supper's waiting at home. I promised I'd be back, so good-night."

"Kate," he whispered, as they were again alone for a moment, "Kate, are you still as you were? Do you——"

A warm hand was over his lips.

"Hush, Oscar boy," she murmured; "to-night is only for the delight of being home. Some other time——"

"To-morrow?"

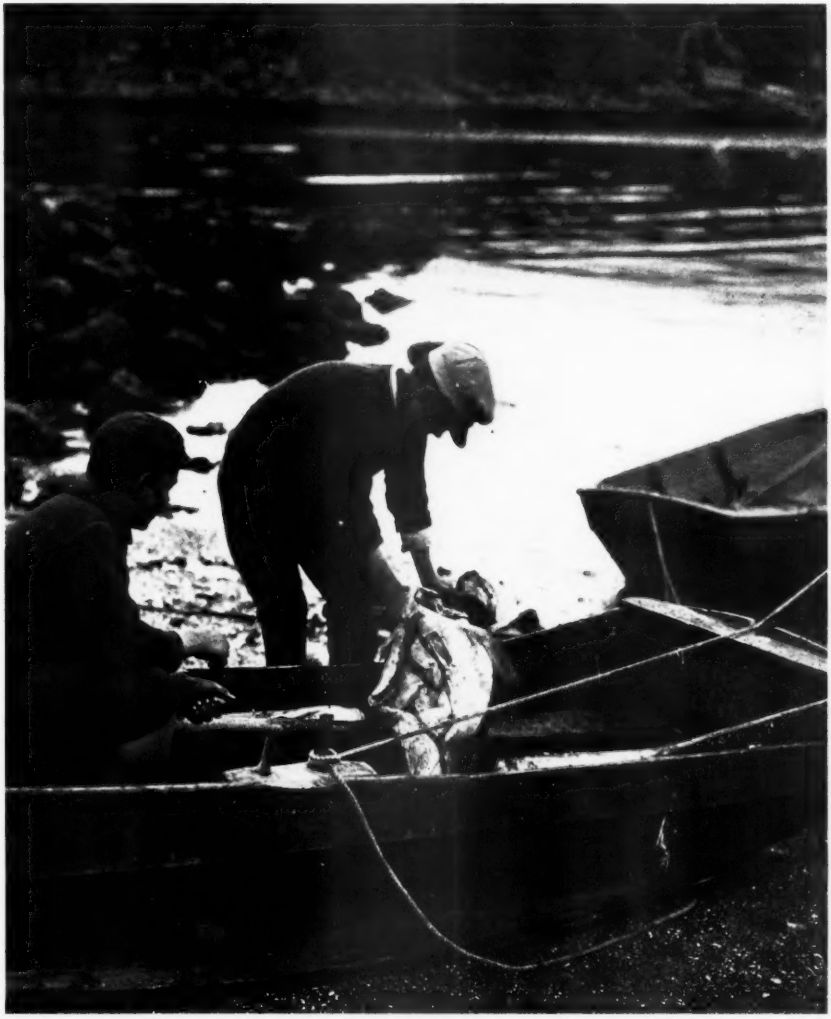
She laughed and ran into the hall from whence she wafted a kiss by three rosy finger-tips.

"We shall see. Sleep hearty, as Uncle Dan says." Then darkness, as the door was closed.

* * * * *

As Captain Oscar came sailing home early

the next afternoon with a full fare of the great cod for which the waters about the island are noted, he thought upon many things suggested by the return of Kate Pettingill, but chiefly of his own deficiencies. He knew that he was diffident, slow of speech, imperfectly educated, and devoid of urban polish. But he felt that he was honest, gentle, and brave. Would these latter qualities count with the new Kate who had been so wonderfully improved by her year in town? He was making money through his exceptional luck as a fisherman. He could give a woman the best the island had to offer, but was that good enough? His white-breasted seabird had by some magic changed into a songbird with different plumage. Would she stay out here in the ocean? At any rate, he would know, and soon. Slow he might be, but not in such a matter as this. There should be no more laughing repulses. A



"The unlovely task."

"The great cod, for which the waters are noted."

man would speak to a woman, and have her yea or nay.

Looking out over the blue expanse of the sea, dotted by dancing whitecaps and the snowy bodies of floating gulls, it was difficult for him to feel dispirited. He was surrounded by his fish, the great currency of the sea, each worth a definite sum. Fortune was his. He began to sing, to the astonishment of the youthful partner of his trips, Tommy Senter: he slapped the boy on the back, and talked of what money would do. "An' I thought then thet thar was sunthin' kinder funny 'baout Cap'n Oscar," the lad reported afterward to some of his cronies, old and young, on the fish-beach.

But a little speck on the horizon did to the death all the joy of the day for the singer. The boy brought it into view.

"Who 's them two up on th' yew-beds jest 'bove Lawbster Cove?" asked the youngster, as they were flying along toward the harbor's mouth. "'Pears ter me it 's like thet air artist feller, Hensley, an'——"

"Give me the glasses," ordered Captain Oscar roughly; "way up there in the bow."

"Wall, what 'dcher find aout?" queried the boy with the freedom of a partner in the fishing business. He repented before the words had fairly left his mouth. A look that made him quake in his rubber boots came over his superior's face.

"Reel up those lines, throw the squid overboard, and wash off the taffrail," was the stern command. "And Tommy, don't you talk about this: it 'll be the worse for you if you do."

For the first time in his life Captain Oscar failed to clean the fish he had caught. As he came to his moorings and prepared to transfer the great fellows to his dory, he saw, among the group of islanders and "rusticators" that always gathered to watch the afternoon work at the tubs, Kate Pettingill and the fair-haired Hensley. A great disgust for the bloody butchery at the cleaning tables came over him. Hensley had come down, no doubt, to see him in slimy rubber overalls tearing with gory hands the entrails from the fish. Well, he would be disappointed. And Kate, too! She should not witness his unclean labor to-day, although she had seen it hundreds of times before.

So, having sculled his heavily laden dory to the beach, he got one of the older men to clean his fish, and strode moodily away from the little activity of the harbor. At the "Hermitage," a queer little structure, half residence, half fish-house, clinging desperately to a foundation of solid rock, he sat down and gazed aimlessly out toward the thin blue line on the horizon where the "main" hid its harbors and islands, backed here and there by the beautiful blue contour of mountains.

It was a place of unlovely memories. Here *they* had sat on the evening before Kate had gone away: just above was the "Witch's Tree," where once he had made the young girl pose as the presiding genius of the place, her cloak thrown wierdly over her arm. Everything about spoke of his present humiliation, his disgrace in the eyes of the island world, and, worst of all, his wounded love. Yet where could he go for peace? He might circle the whole fair extent of the little isle, penetrate its deepest wood, stand upon its loftiest cliff, and still the language of every tree and rock would be Kate, Kate, Kate, and even the air would murmur her name. There was no escape from his fate, he thought. Only upon the sweet bosom of the heaving sea was there any promise of better thoughts, and he longed for the morrow and toil.

On his way back to the village he saw Cap'n Dan sunning himself in his front garden. That worthy's habitual cheerfulness appeared to be a trifle overclouded, yet as the chief luminary of the island he attempted to shine genially.

"Hey, son, stop right where ye are and don't try to get by here without speaking!" he roared. Then in quieter tone: "Have ye seen Kate to-day? That there Hensley came up after her this mornin' and blame me if she 's shown a hair of her head around here since. I don't know 's I jest like it." He looked at the somber face before him, and struck his hand savagely upon his knee.

"What! So the wind 's in that quarter, eh?" he continued. "Warm sou'west for him and a sort of nor'easter for you, like. By George! if the girl 's trimmin' her sails that way, I 'll put her on a different tack mighty sudden. I 'll——"

"You 'll do nothing, Cap'n Dan; nothing at all," said the young man with decision. "Kate has a right to sail her own course. And besides, what do we know about it anyway? Here 's not a day gone by, and we 're jumping at a lot of conclusions like mackerel at bare hooks." Then there came before his eyes the vision of that picture

"One lad reported to some of his cronies, old and young, on the fish-beach."

revealed by the marine glasses scarce three hours ago. "Anyway, I have n't the right to make a fuss, and I don't want you to. So that 's settled."

"A queer lad," mused the old fellow as Oscar strode away home, "and queer times. In my day if a fellow from Boston had come sneakin' 'round any one's girl, we might 'a' pitched him off White Head, or we might not; leastwise, he 'd 'a' got some light on the subject that would 'a' been good for him—an' us."

As the days went by Captain Oscar saw many things that increased the burden upon his heart. He went no more to Cap'n Dan's house, for pride forbade that. Now and then he met Kate through the sheer necessity of restricted territory; she was cordial enough, yet not wholly at ease. If she wondered that he had suddenly broken off the old-time relations, she gave no sign, nor did he ask any. He followed his way of toil, silent and grave, and by a distasteful freak of fate he had never so prospered upon the deep.

After that first yielding to pride his strength returned, and he now performed his accustomed task on the fish-beach, unmindful of his stained and spattered exterior. He felt a dogged conviction that he was a man, and he determined that no weather-vane of woman's whim should turn him from the course of dignity. That was the decision of his mind; his heart was sore, however, and hot with rebellion against fate.

It seemed that turn where he might he came into contact with the pretty Kate and her city cavalier. Once, of a lovely Sunday evening, he had gone to an outdoor vesper service on Sunset Rock, where, in a natural amphitheater, the people had sat at the feet of a tall, bearded young minister from the city and had drunk in his simple words as the pink dusk was stealing over sea and land. The quiet beauty of the scene impressed him deeply, and he thought of One who in like manner talked by Galilee. One who had woes beside which his own grief seemed petty and poor.

At last they had sung "Lead, Kindly Light," as darkness was spreading its wings over the island and the far-off beacons along the "main" were mingling with the early stars of evening. He could hear Kate's rich contralto rising above the voices of the other women: beside her was the blond artist, and all the peacefulness of the hour vanished for Captain Oscar. He arose while the benediction was being said, and went his way alone.

But if the young fisherman was disposed to bear his hurt without a sound or movement to betray it, his companions of the island were not so circumspect. He knew that they were filled with a clannish anger that a town man should come into their own domain and openly flaunt his possession of a girl they had once believed to be of their own kind. Their always latent dislike of outsiders blazed up into unreasoning hatred of the artist, and Oscar knew that the affair was bitterly discussed. Indeed, he could never see a group of two or three gathered near some old fish-house without feeling that it was of him and his despoilment they were talking. Yet he kept his grim silence, and would have fought with any of his comrades who had dared to say a word of the matter in his presence. Even his mother, a weak, kindly soul, who had soon come to know the island gossip, never ventured to ask the reason for the sudden quenching of all his buoyancy, but would watch him as he sat reading by the kitchen lamp, and shake her head as she noted the hard lines that were graving themselves about his mouth.

Only once were the sparks struck from the seemingly cold inner nature of the young man. That happened on a bright Sunday morning when he chanced to be sauntering along one of the beaches. Up came Hensley, of all men, and hailed him forthwith.

"Ah, captain, just the man I want to see. I 'm getting up an artist yachting party for this afternoon, and we want you to take us out. Miss Pettingill says that you——"

He stopped, puzzled by the look of amazement on the fisherman's face.

"I can't take you out," said Oscar frigidly.

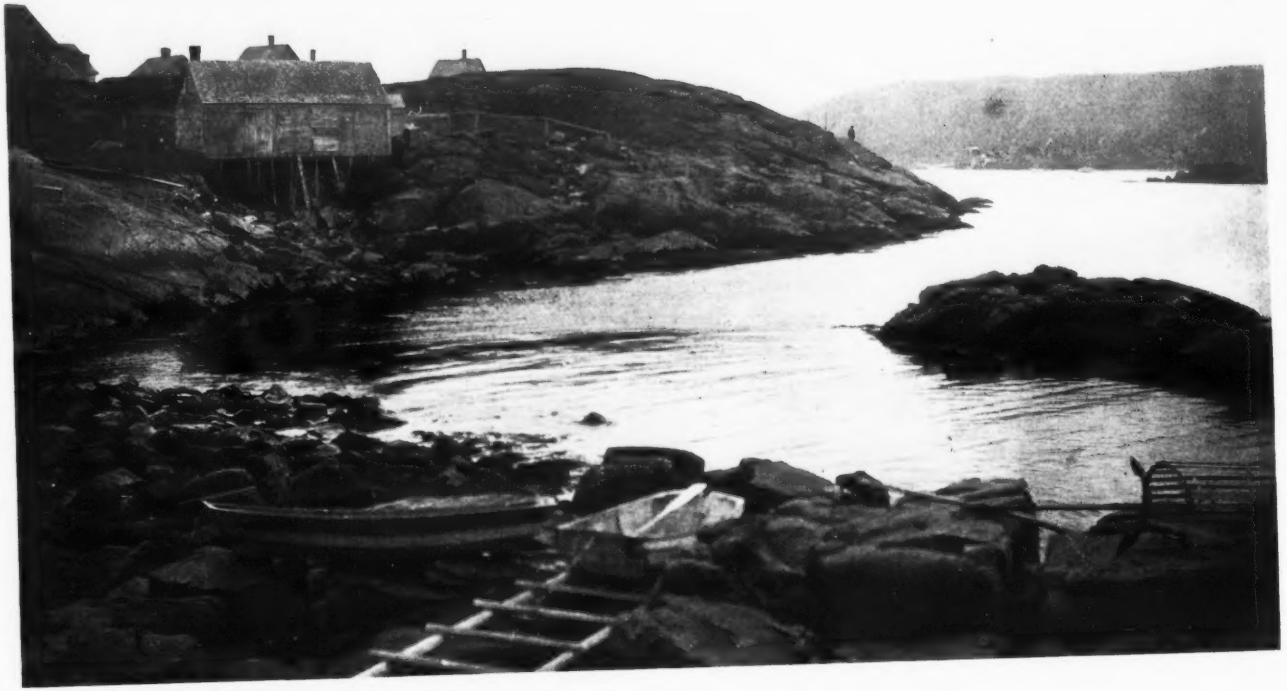
"Can't? What 's the trouble? You 're competent enough, are n't you? Don't worry about the pay: you 'll get treated liberally."

"Mr. Hensley," flared out the captain, "I would n't take you out for all the money you artists have got on this island. Go get somebody you don't insult by asking!"

"Well, by Jove," drawled the other, "you fellows are queer, for a fact. You don't know which side your bread is buttered on: you don't even want butter, I believe."

"Not your kind, Mr. Hensley," said Oscar, his composure returned; "it 's a little rancid to our taste down here. Good morning."

That night he was awakened from his



"A queer little structure, clinging desperately to the solid rock."

first deep sleep by a cautious tapping on the window-sill near the head of his bed. With a thrill of foreboding he raised himself on his elbow and listened. Again came the small, regular sound, manifestly human in its insistence.

"Who 's there? What is it?" he whispered into the night. The clouds had covered the moon, and he saw no one.

"Guess ye better git up and come daown ter Bill Sanderson's fish-haouse quick's ye ca-an," sounded the voice of Tommy Senter under the window. "There 's sunthin'queer a-goin' on there, an' I thought ye 'd better know 'baout it."

Captain Oscar hurried into his clothes, and swiftly made his way to the shore. The moon had partly cleared herself from the blotting of the clouds, and a luminous path led across the water of the harbor and out to sea. The fish-house was somewhat in shadow, and a thin gleam of light shone through a crack in the boarding. For a moment silence ruled and then low, angry voices were heard.

"Yer 'll sneak 'round an' steal one of our mate's gals, will yer?" asked the gruff voice of "Big Bill" Sampson, a young boat-builder noted for his strength and his recklessness. "Well, we 'll jest show yer that ef Cap'n Oscar ain't got stuff enough in him ter resent it, why we will, that 's all. We 're goin' ter put yer where——"

With a swift movement Oscar flung back the creaking door of the old building and strode into the midst of the crowd. Half a dozen young fellows surrounded a stocky figure securely lashed into a chair, and a single lantern threw its insufficient light weirdly over the group. Hensley struggled anew and bit his lip in impotent rage as he saw the captain. He believed that worse would follow because of the newcomer, and he shuddered as he recalled some of the harrowing traditions of the island. He might be marooned, or keelhauled, or——

"What are you doing, you fellows?" exclaimed Oscar harshly. "Have you all gone crazy? What 's this man tied up for?"

"Oh, come now, Oscar," returned "Big Bill" with sullen emphasis; "yer know well enough what we 've got him fer. He 's a dirty, low-down sculpin, comin' round here between a feller an' his woman. An' as ter what we 're goin' ter do, why we 've jest decided ter give him a dory an' a pair of oars, an' tell him ter row fer the main er any other place, so long 's he don't come back here. Ain't that 'bout it, mates?"

The rest assented with word and gesture.

"An' by——! he 's got ter go, or we 'll fix him so 's he can't never go anywhere no more," continued the boat-builder.

"You 'll stop this tomfoolery right now; that 's what you 'll do," said Oscar in a tense voice that the others scarcely recognized. "What good do you expect to do by it?"

"What good did the men here do forty year ago, when they marooned a feller fer burnin' a store?" asked Sampson hotly. "Ain't we got the same right? An' ain't stealin' a sweetheart wuss nor burnin' a store? I tell yer, Kate——"

"Stop that!" thundered the captain, his clenched fist raised to the other's face. "No names here; understand?" Then in quieter tone: "Don't make fools of yourselves, boys. What you want to do is an absurd thing, if there ever was one. Suppose you put him off the island; how can you prevent him from landing again to-morrow in broad daylight? The law 's with him, and common sense, too. You 'll be looked on as a lot of jackasses when the story gets out. Don't you think I 'm as much interested as any of you? Well, then, I say you 've got to let him go. Untie him now, or I will!"

"An' s'pose we don't see fit fer ter do it?" asked "Big Bill," evidently wavering in his intent.

"You 'll fight me," returned the captain grimly. "And meantime, Tommy will rouse the town, and you 'll be beaten out of your boots. Take your choice. I 'll give you just three minutes to clear out."

The leader of the little mob gazed at Oscar's face for a moment, as if to gauge the stability of his determination. What he saw there, even in the ghostly, flickering light, was a stronger appeal to his rough intelligence than were mere words. He slowly turned to his comrades.

"Go home, boys," he growled: "there ain't no use in helpin' a feller who won't help himself."

The party of self-constituted vigilantes slouched out into the moonlight, and dribbled away into individual parts. The skipper and the artist, left alone, gazed at one another without a word.

Suddenly Captain Oscar whipped out a knife, and slashed at the binding cords with a rapidity that made the prisoner wince. In a moment the fair-haired man was free.

He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs, a sort of puerile gratitude written on his countenance.

"Captain Oscar," he muttered, "you're a good fellow, and I'm obliged to you, I can tell you. I—I didn't think you'd do this for me."

The fisherman shook off the hand the artist had placed on his arm, and drew himself to his full, manly height.

"For you!" he exclaimed contemptuously. "For you! You give me altogether too much credit, Mr. Hensley. I wouldn't lift a finger to save you from anything they might do to you. I stopped this thing to prevent our island from being ridiculed by the rest of the world, and my mates laughed at as a lot of fools. And further than that, I did what I did so that the name of a woman should be saved from dirty minds and tattling tongues. That's why I would have fought with my own friends, the boys who thought they were doing me a favor. Do you think I've any reason to want to spare you?"

The artist writhed under the contempt of this common fellow, and yet joy at his deliverance was more potent than any sense of abasement. With his fair skin safe he was not disposed to demand all the niceties of a situation.

"See here, Captain Oscar," he said, "since you've mentioned a certain thing, and, by inference, a certain name, I want to tell you that——"

"And I won't listen to it, sir," returned the skipper gravely. "If you are a gentleman, you will keep that to yourself. I am going home."

Out in the dim moonlight Hensley looked around rather nervously. His way was the opposite of Oscar's.

"You have n't anything to fear, Mr. Hensley," said the captain with a slight smile. "They practically gave me their word. But if you think I 'd better go——"

"Oh, no, no," replied the artist. Then in a tone he meant to be most conciliatory: "I shall see that you get well paid for this night's work, captain."

"The only pay I want from you is to keep your mouth shut," returned the sailor gruffly. "I 'll see that the rest don't chatter."

No one did chatter, not even Tommy Senter—whose silence, however, had to be bought by a larger percentage of the fishing profits—and the captain was spared the additional humiliation of being the hero of fresh gossip.

One morning not long after this episode it was noted by the village that Captain Oscar had not gone out after the fish. His boat had sprung a leak; he had drawn it up on one of the beaches, and was busy filling the offending seam by the time the summer people appeared. So intent was he on his work that he started with surprise when by and by the hoarse cry of the great steam horn over on Manana told of the approach of the fog. He looked up to see the murky bank in the heavens stealing over the island, obliterating its heights and then sweeping on to the still visible "main." A strong sou'easter had arisen, and the heavy sea that had been running for several days was given additional fury.

"A nasty day," said the young skipper to Cap'n Dan, as that worthy came puffing down to the shore, his face clouded with a look of deep anxiety.

"Nasty 'tis, Oscar, my boy; but that ain't the worst of it. Kate——"

"What about Kate?" was the swift interruption, as the young man's instinct took alarm. He dropped his tools and stood upright.

"Why, Kate and that 'ere Hensley started off in Sanderson's boat early this morning. They was intendin' to make Matin'cus, if they could, an', havin' a good wind, I thought they might. But now——" He looked at the impenetrable fog with something like terror in his eyes. Too well he knew the fearful bewilderment of that dreaded curtain over the waters. "They 'll put back for home, of course, an' they 'll probably hear the horn, but if they try to make the island they 'll be more 'n likely to run ashore under White Head. If they do, they 'll never get out alive. Jest hear that!"

The roar of the surf came on the wind from the terrible rocks on the eastern edge of the island. To the ears of love it was like a knell of doom. The young fisherman tightened his belt and pulled his sou'wester closer over his head.

"Lend a hand, Uncle Dan," he said, shortly, as he seized his boat at the bow and raised it on an even keel.

"What ye goin' to do?" asked the old man.

"I 'm goin' to find them, that 's all. Push, now."

"Ye 'll never do it, son, never. Ye 'll

have to hunt the whole sea from here to Matin'cus."

"I tell you I'm going to find them. Heave her off."

In a moment more the stanch little craft took the water, and her master jumped aboard. He hoisted his mainsail with desperate energy, and began to beat out of the harbor. Soon he and his boat were swallowed up in the conquering fog.

Once around the southern spur of the island, he stood for the eastward in long tacks. It was a desperate voyage, he knew, this pushing into the unseen in quest of a mere cockle-shell on that vast expanse of ocean, and yet he felt a lofty faith that it would succeed. At minute intervals he sent forth long blasts on a powerful little box foghorn worked by a crank. He remembered that he had often been laughed at for his ownership of the "new-fangled croaker," as it was called by those of his comrades who deemed a tin fish-horn good enough for anybody. Now he blessed the day he had broken with conservatism. But no answer came over the invisible ocean.

For an hour, for two hours, he sailed on, tortured by the thought that the other boat might have broken through his guard and have gone to pieces on the ledges of White Head or Gull Rock. He saw a fair white face bruised by the cruel rocks; he saw——

"Hal-l-o-o-o!"

It was a woman's voice, he could swear, thin and almost inaudible through the rushing of the waves—but a woman's.

"Hal-l-o-o-o-o!"

Nearer now, and filled with a tone of hope that made his heart leap. He came into the wind in an instant to check the speed of his boat. Then he cried with all his power:

"Kate, Kate, I'm here; sail toward my voice."

All at once the mists seemed to part, and the prow of a boat came into view, bravely tossing the foam with its wedge. And after that he saw it all. The girl was at the tiller, her eyes shining with excitement, her dark, wet hair streaming in the wind. Further forward crouched the figure of a man, the picture of dejection.

With infinite care, for it was dangerous business in the rough swell, the captain finally brought his boat alongside the other, and, with Kate's help, lashed the two securely together.

"Oh, Oscar! I knew you'd come," said the girl almost reverently when once they were safely on their way: "and when I heard your horn, I knew that, too. I was running for home, but I dreaded the island in this awful sea and fog. I don't know that I ever could have made the harbor."

"Thank God, you got no chance to try. But what——?" He looked at the huddled form of Hensley.

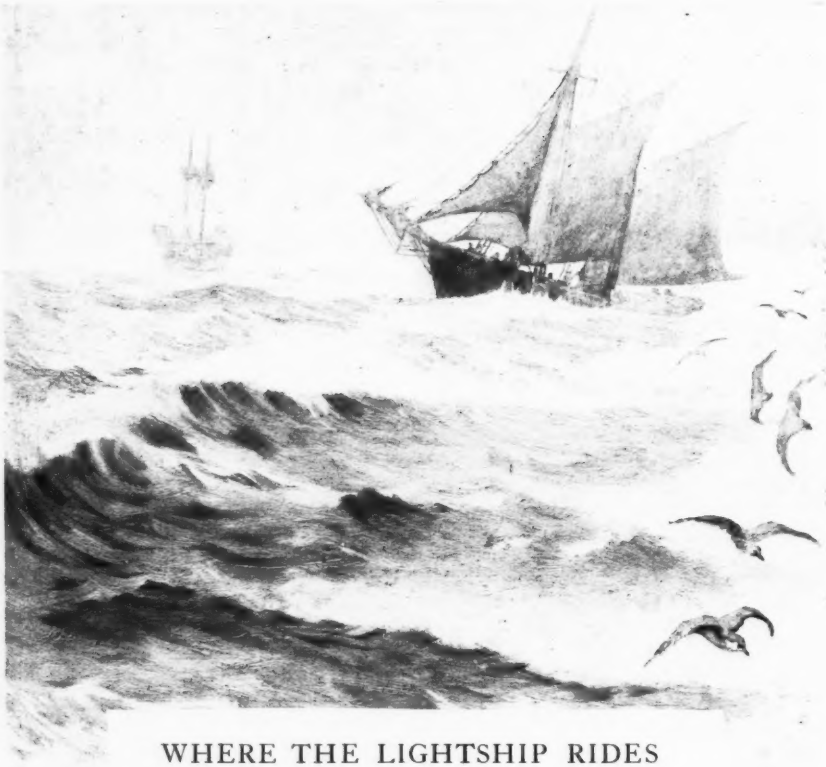
"He?" she replied, with supreme scorn. "He's a coward, and he's—drunk! There's his courage"—she pointed to an empty flask by his side—"and it's all gone. They say that we Monhegan women despise cowards; I think it must be true."

So they sailed home together, and when the fog had lifted in the afternoon the people of the village were treated to the strange sight of two boats coming into the harbor side by side. And they saw the handsome Hensley walk unsteadily up the beach and on to his home.

As the strong young fisherman lifted the girl lightly from his dory to the dry sand of the shore, he felt her hand seek his own and linger there.

"This is my real home-coming, Oscar," she whispered. "Am I welcome?"

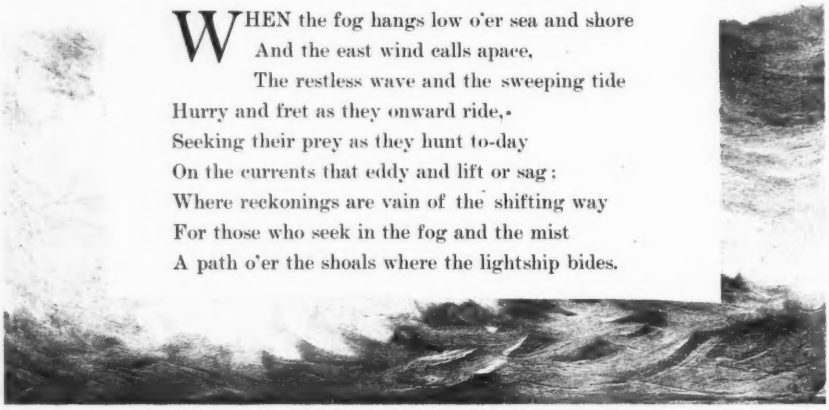
And then he knew that the fog had cleared things.

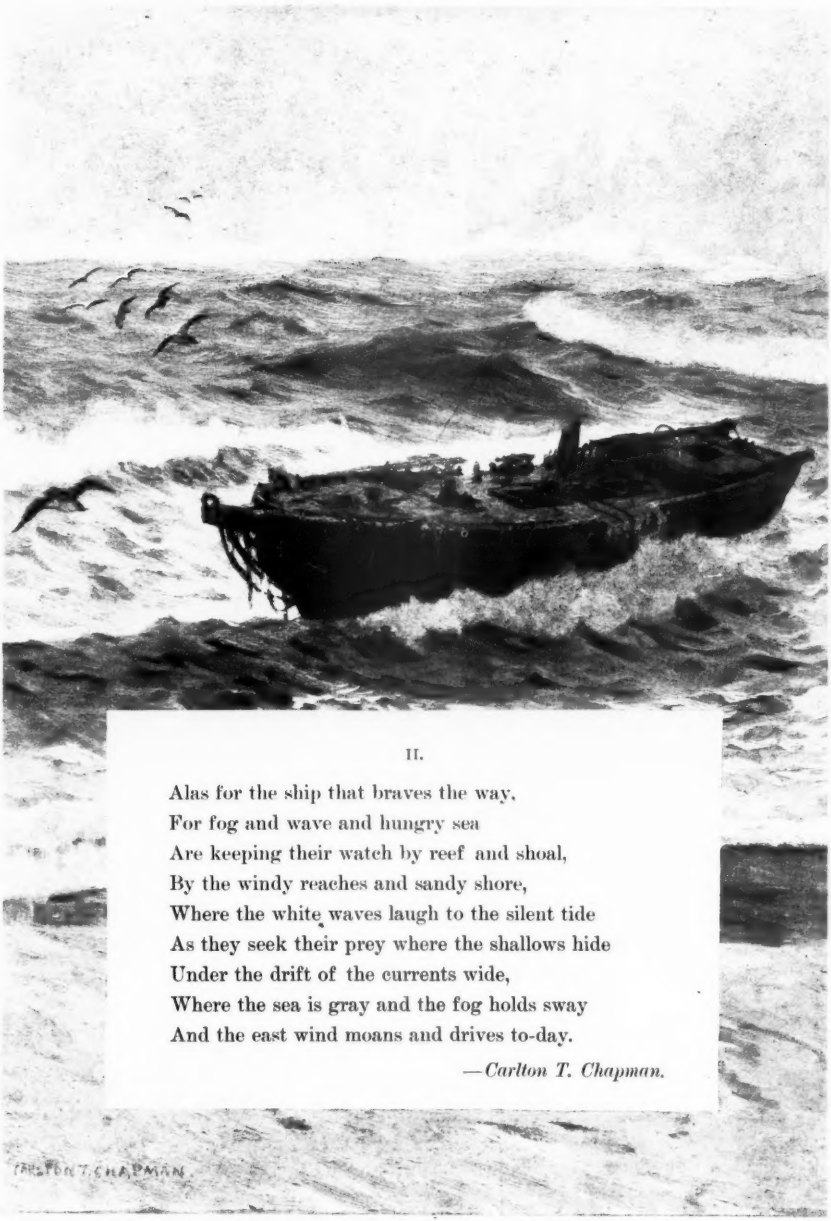


WHERE THE LIGHTSHIP RIDES

I.

WHEN the fog hangs low o'er sea and shore
And the east wind calls apace,
The restless wave and the sweeping tide
Hurry and fret as they onward ride,
Seeking their prey as they hunt to-day
On the currents that eddy and lift or sag:
Where reckonings are vain of the shifting way
For those who seek in the fog and the mist
A path o'er the shoals where the lightship bides.





II.

Alas for the ship that braves the way,
For fog and wave and hungry sea
Are keeping their watch by reef and shoal,
By the windy reaches and sandy shore,
Where the white waves laugh to the silent tide
As they seek their prey where the shallows hide
Under the drift of the currents wide,
Where the sea is gray and the fog holds sway
And the east wind moans and drives to-day.

—*Carlton T. Chapman.*

Photograph by George R. King.

The Path.

LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MENTE AND HENRY S. WATSON

THE COUNTY HUNT

IN THE winter season it has been the custom for years, in many counties of New England, for residents in certain villages lying in a district of perhaps ten square miles, who do more or less shooting, to gather at some agreed locality once a year for an annual county hunt. Each one desiring to compete contributes a small sum to be used for the prizes for those bringing in the most "tails"; the game to be shot being limited to foxes, skunks, muskrats, mink, woodchucks, and raccoons. The skins of all of these, with the exception of the woodchuck, are of some value, and they are hunted more or less every year during the leisure hours of the country folk for a livelihood. The woodchuck is so destructive to crops that, although the skin is of no value, they are shot without mercy; it being considered a benefit to all of the farming community to rid themselves of these destructive pests as far as possible.

It was on a cold, late winter morning that the shooting contingent of certain villages assembled at the north end of Goose Pond, in the Nauset woods, to deposit their toll of fifty cents each with the treasurer and start off in different directions in search of game. Silas Ganzy, who missed taking the first prize by one tail, tells the story of his experience in the grocery store of the little village of Nauset the following morning, and I give it in his own words:

"Wa'al, Silas," said the constable, as that individual walked into the store, "I'm mighty sorry tu hear thet up-river feller beat you shootin' at the hunt yest'day."

"Wa'll, of course," said Silas, "I'm kinder sorry tu, but I want tu tell yer I lost thet prize by 'bout as slick a trick as ever I hed played on me."

"How was thet?" queries the constable.

"Wa'al, we all met as agreed at the head o' Goose Pond, jest daylight. There was twenty-tew on us all told, and we each put in the usual fifty cents apiece fer prizes. Hez was there, and he called my 'tention tu this up-river feller, and said he was a crack shot and would prob'ly be the only feller thet would come enywhere near my score. It didn't worry me much, though, as I hed been postin' myself fer a week when I'd been up cuttin' wood fer the deacon, and I cal'lated I was 'bout as well posted as tu where the game was as enybody.

"We couldn't hev hed a better mornin' tu start out, as it was raw and sorter foggy, and the ground was soft so you could see tracks good. I must say I was kinder anxious tu get a prize, fer the fust was a barrel o' flour, the second a calf, and the third as much plug terbaccer as there was money 'nough left tu git.

"Wa'al, we all got our sailin' orders and sep'rated, agreein' tu meet at the same place at tew o'clock sharp, time bein' up at thet hour. Soon 's I got outer sight o' the rest o' 'em, I changed my course and headed fer Fox Holler fast 's I could go. I hed fustrate luck, got six skunks 'fore it got very light, and then, as I knew it was tu late tu git a crack at eny more skunks, started over tu the clearin' in General Field, where I knew there was eny amount o' woodchuck holes. I didn't du so well there; got tew woodchucks, though. Jest as I was leavin' the field I started a fox outer thet long grass, fired at him, and missed him, tu; and, I tell yer, I was hoppin' mad. I was so darn anxious tu git him I didn't fire far 'nough 'head o' him, I s'pose, but I started another 'bout half an hour later, and got him. It hed got tu be the middle o' the forenoon then, and I made tracks fast 's I could fer thet little pond in the big swamp. Now and then I could hear a shot in the distance, and knew some on 'em was havin' luck as well as I.

"You remember, at the clearin' on the hill at the north end o' the swamp, there 's a short piece of old post and rail fence runs acrost there, and as I was gettin' ready tu git over thet fence I hed my fust setback. Just got one leg over, and started to swing the other over, when I looked ahead, and, by gosh! if I didn't see just the least bit o'

the back o' one o' them air red foxes layin' in the grass not twenty paces ahead o' me. I swung the other leg over, quiet as a mouse, got my gun up, took good aim, and jest as I was goin' tu pull the trigger thet darn top rail I was a-settin' on busted right in the middle, and I went over backward all in a heap. Darn wonder I hed n't shot myself when the gun went off, as I was goin' over backward, and, tu make matters wuss, the stopper come off my powder-horn and I lost 'bout half my powder; and I struck on my back with such a thump thet I swallered my chaw o' terbaccer, and thet seemed tu me like sorter an evil omen, and, s' I, I ain't goin' tu git fust prize tu-day. I hed a sorter feelin' thet things was goin' wrong from then on. Never swallered a chaw o' terbaccer but once 'fore in my life, and then I hed bad luck fer a week arterward. Wa'al, I scraped up 'bout a tablespunfull o' powder, which was all I could git thet war n't full o' dirt, and started down tu the pond purty short o' powder and I cal'lated I must make every shot tell from then on. I managed tu git four muskrats down in thet mud hole east end o' the pond and, as 't was gittin' late, made up my mind I must start toward Goose Pond where we were tu meet, so 's tu be on time, and take chances on findin' somethin' on the way back, 'cause I hed at least tew miles tu go. I thought I 'd stop and have a crack at some mink I knew were at Brush Crick. I 'd been walkin' I guess fer half an hour when all at once I heard a shot, and a few minutes arter I ran plump intu thet up-river feller. He jest sung out, wanted tu know what luck I was hevin' and I told him only fair, and he started off like the very devil to the west'ard. I was mighty glad 'cause I was 'fraid he might be headin' fer where I was goin'. I kept on and hed jest begun tu move kinder cautious like when, by ginger spruce, if I did n't see thet feller comin' acrost the other side o' the hill, stop and cut the tails off tew mink he hed, and cover 'em up so he could find 'em agin. I stood stock still hopin' he would n't see me, but as it proved arterward he must hev. He started off wadin' down the crick and was soon outer sight. Purty soon I heard him fire four times and I was mad, I can tell you, 'cause I knew he 'd fetched up right where I was goin'. I was then 'bout half a mile from the place where we was tu meet, and I thought I 'd better git somethin' quick and then make track's so 's not tu be late. I was ploddin' 'long hopin' I might see somethin' when right under a rock clus tu the water, jest below the place where thet up-river feller hed covered up his tew mink, I seen a little fur head stickin' out. S' I, here 's were I git one more tail anyway. I maneuvered round and crawled 'long on my stomach so 's tu git clus, and wasted fully five minutes crawlin' up so 's I could git a good shot, and then banged away with both barrels. I rushed up tu the rock and found the head was in the same position as when I fired. I thought 't was kinder funny,

"I pulled it out * * * and it was this up-river feller's fur cap!"

but s'posed I must hev killed him outright first shot. I poked the barrel o' my gun under the rock and pulled out, what du you think? this up-river feller's fur cap! Wa'al, sir, I felt purty cheap and as limp as a dish cloth. Thet cuss knew thet would delay me jest 'bout long 'nough fer him tu git a crack at those mink down at the lower crick. I lost the fust prize by jest one tail, and some on 'em ain't got through laffin' at me yet, I guess, fer the joke thet up-river feller played on me. But I guess I got square with him enyway, 'cause I shot the blamed old cap so full o' holes he can't never wear it agin 'thout consid'ble patchin'." *Clay Emery.*

"Large head, square jaws, no neck * * * that is Old Flora."

OLD FLORA, THE INVINCIBLE

TRITE and commonplace are the expressions "bulldog tenacity," "bulldog determination," and the like, yet I never fully appreciated the significance of those terms until I became acquainted with the history of Old Flora. True, I had known mere pups of her kind to playfully tussle and bite each other until exhausted with their rude sport. Then they would withdraw to a shady spot, and good-humoredly lick the blood from one another's wounds. I had also known older dogs, when set upon an unruly pig or semi-wild boar, to take the animal by the ear and keep their hold, in spite of the swine's most frantic efforts to escape, until the ear was severed. I had heard, too, how my grandfather's bulldog, when set upon an unruly steer or heifer, would freeze to the brute's tail and with a powerful twist and a yank of his head sever the tail from the body. Thus he detailed most of grandfather's herd before he lost his position as shepherd dog. With these and similar glimpses of bulldog nature I had been accustomed to measure that animal's pertinacity, until I was made familiar with the record of Old Flora.

Old Flora was a slut bulldog the property of an uncle of mine, and I venture a homelier specimen of the canine kind never happened. The markings peculiar to her variety considerably exaggerated; a disproportionately large head with curious ears, powerful square jaws, and great bagging chops; no neck; a lion-shaped body, besplattered by nature with yellow and dirty white patches; short, sturdy limbs; lastly, a tail with a slight upward tendency—that is Old Flora.

Those scars you see about her nose bring to mind a close encounter with a wolf. It chanced one day that Horace, her master, and a certain friend were excavating a wolf den. A few moments' shoveling in the loose soil had carried the work about two feet below the surface. Then the two hunters paused to rest. Old Flora now began nosing about the den. The scent was intoxicating. Into the orifice she plunged; in, in she squeezed, until only her tail was visible. Nothing but its wagging and lashing gave news as to the battle raging below.

At last the men became impatient. The shovel was plied around the dog's body until strong arms extracted her, her head dripping with blood. Further excavation revealed a large female wolf with skull crushed and head half masticated.

One accustomed to wolves and their ways is aware of the terrible ferocity of a female wolf with cubs when thus put to bay in her den. With jaws wide open, displaying wicked fangs, she closes the narrow entrance to her den. That which dares enter must brave the certain snap of those jaws, and fight her face to face. But that is what Old Flora did, and she won.

Flora later had another adventure with a wolf, more interesting perhaps than this. A neighbor of her master, at this time a resident of Central Minnesota, had been troubled by a large gray wolf. This beast was bold enough to do what his kind seldom venture unless pressed by hunger. In broad daylight, at such hour of the day as his appetite prompted, he would sally audaciously into the farmer's yard, attacking his fowls and young stock. Many a plump pullet and fleecy lamb was sacrificed to the whim of his taste.

It chanced one day that Old Flora had accompanied her master on a visit to the farmer. The two men sat on the veranda, discussing crops, with Old Flora dozing quietly by, when the wolf boldly entered the yard on a marauding tour.

At sight or scent of the wolf, the dog sprang to her feet, every hair erect along her spinal ridge and ivories exposed, while deep guttural grumblings betokened trouble for the wolf. A word from her master and with an ominous growl she challenged the intruder.

Surprised by the dog's sudden advance the wolf hastily withdrew to the open field, when apparently he regained his courage, halted, and faced about—poised in his most dramatic attitude of defiance. But had he known what was wiser for him, he would have changed his scenery without argument, for he was not to do battle with a common cur of the neighborhood now.

With menacing mien, Old Flora sauntered out to meet him. Then followed some cautious maneuvering and a lively skirmish, attended by much growling and gnashing of teeth, before the dog secured her fatal grip upon her opponent. But secure it she did. Her powerful maxillæ at length were locked about the wolf's right forward foot—A steel trap could have held it no firmer.

Over and over in wild somersaults rolled and tumbled dog and wolf, first one under and then the other, both enveloped in a cloud of dust and dried grass. For a distance of thirty rods they rolled and growled and struggled, when the wolf, completely exhausted by the lugging of so heavy a clog, fell an easy victim to the dog's cruel jaws.

These encounters soon won for Old Flora considerable reputation as a hard fighter. Dog fights and canine history in general were the paramount theme for gossip about the village store for several days, until at length the subject grew old.

It was several months after this incident that one of the neighbors trapped a large and ferocious wildcat, though, lucky for the cat, its foot had not been seriously maimed by the jaws of the trap. The trapper, one day exhibiting his prize and speculating with friends on its fighting powers,—muscular build, large claws, and wicked teeth—boasted that no dog in the country could whip that cat.

To this a farmer, who was standing near, replied: "I can bring you a dog that in a fair fight will chew that cat to sausage."

"I would like to see the dog," the trapper threw back.

"I 'll just match two Xs with you I can prove it," returned the farmer.

Gaming blood was aroused; the taunts of the bystanders led things to an issue, and the money was deposited.

"But you are to recage the cat after the fight," the trapper stipulated.

"Think I can do it bare-handed when the dog is through chewing him," agreed the farmer, winking with a grimace to the crowd.

Old Flora was of course the farmer's intended match for the cat. An old vacant building with one large room was chosen as the arena for this singular contest. All was in readiness, and the fight would be pulled off the following day. But morning found a wire of the cage bent to one side and the cat escaped. Losing his nerve, the trapper had secretly sold the cat to parties out of town. Between the bended wires it had escaped, but only into another cage. Had the contest come off, the dog would have won without a thread of doubt; but well for the fair record of Old Flora, she was not made to participate in this gaming contest.

Though cleverly relieved from this engagement, she was yet to be brought to a supreme test of her physical endurance and stick-to-it-iveness. Former adventures grow quite insignificant compared with those about to follow.

It was a beautiful, Indian summer day that she followed closely upon the heels of her master and his friend as they ambled leisurely across a pasture lot. Either in play or angered by the presence of the men and dog, a vicious bull made a menacing rush upon the intruders.

In an instant Old Flora seemed to grasp the situation. The men hastily maneuvered to a position of safety, while with an ugly growl she hurled herself, with shocking force,

straight at the head of her antagonist. The two opposing forces met in a storm of ugly, beastly sounds, and those terrible canines soon found their fatal hold in the sensitive nose of the bull.

Such a contest of beastly strength and blood and carnage now ensued as would have inspired the ancient Roman to wildest cheers. But the only two spectators looked on in blank amazement.

Frenzied with anger and pain, the bull began to wildly caper about, lashing his flanks with his tail, pawing up clouds of dust and sod, bellowing, and frothing at the mouth. Forward he rushed, dragging the dog in mad attempts to trample upon her body. But she was too wary for that. Then from side to side in complete semi-circles, the dog was hurled, lifted entirely from her feet—not only once but many times. The bull fairly lashed his sides with the dog. He executed all the tricks and evolutions he knew, but to no avail.

"Her powerful maxillæ locked about the wolf's right forward foot."

At last the bull's strength began to wane, when with a rush and a powerful toss of his head, born of the energy of despair, the dog was thrown skyward, alighting impronged upon the bull's cruel left horn. It was a terrible shock to the dog, but bravely she sustained it, still clinging to the nose of the bull.

To the earth the bull then cast her, boring his wicked horn into her bowels, when, with a second toss of his head, he emptied them from her abdomen and whipped them in the dust. But not until the men rushed in with clubs and tapped Old Flora upon the head did she consent to loosen her grip. Thankful to escape, the bull made off, while Old Flora sank limply to the ground, completely exhausted, though life still clung tenaciously to her mutilated form.

Dripping with blood and her bowels bedrabbled with dust, she was tenderly carried home; her entrails washed, replaced, and the wound sewed up.

For three long, unbroken weeks she was confined to her accustomed den in the straw stack, where food and drink were carried to her. At the end of this time, she came forth, her wounds fairly healed, though it was some time yet before her former strength entirely returned. But she again grew strong and was yet to fight the most unique, if not the fiercest, battle of her life.

Her master then lived in the north of Iowa, on the Cedar River. It was in the early days, and the larger game had not yet entirely disappeared.

Dave and Nelse, two residents of the place, had discovered a cave in the river bank about two miles above the settlement. The entrance penetrated the bank just at the water's edge, and was only large enough to admit the body of a man in a creeping position. But the day the river froze over, the discoverers determined to explore the cave.

It was one late, frosty day in autumn that the two men skated up the river. On investigation, the cave was found to be a chamber in the rock. With lighted candle in one hand and revolver in the other, Dave crawled into the narrow passageway, which in its course first rose and then opened into a damp chamber with about the dimensions of a cottage bedroom. Through a fissure in the rock to his side, the candle cast beams into a farther and still larger chamber. But Dave's eyes had hardly completed a survey of the gloomy surroundings before they lit upon a pair of glowing eyes that shone from the sable depths of the anterior chamber. With a desperate struggle and an exclamation,

he backed pell-mell out from his narrow quarters.

Dave quickly told of what he had seen. The country was yet wild, and it was just possible it might be a panther or a bear. After some parleying, it was decided that one should stay and guard the entrance, while the other skated back to town to secure some dogs.

Several other parties who owned fighting canines were invited to share in the anticipated sport. In the afternoon the men set out, a jolly party, speculating on the several merits of their Towsers, Brunos, Sports, and Jacks. They were a motley array, these dogs —bulldogs, bird-dogs, hounds, and shepherds. Towser had killed a monster skunk; Bruno had licked old man Trow's big dog to a finish; and others claimed honors as great. Many matched their strength on the way up the river. The reputation of Old Flora, who was of course among the number, was already quite generally known.

The cave at last was reached; and the dogs, one at a time, were by their masters led to its mouth. But no amount of coaxing or whipping could induce them to enter. One sight of those fierce eyes chilled their pugnacity. A single sniff caused some to skulk off, cowering. And one dog considerably embarrassed his master by dashing out of the hole on the yelp and scudding for home with his tail between his legs.

At last it came Old Flora's turn to test her courage. At a gesture from her master, she approached the entrance; her huge head entered the hole; with forward foot raised and her tail wagging mysteriously, she sniffed the damp air. Enough! In she bounded with a savage growl, and the underground battle was on. From the ground came a mixture of savage growls, whining, and gnashing teeth. The very bank seemed to tremble. Out from the mouth of the cave poured miniature clouds of steam upon the frost-laden air.

But hark! Now, evidently one is chasing the other around the chamber. The excitement of the men is supreme. Several revolvers are leveled at the entrance of the cave, ready to annihilate the first strange thing of life that dares peep without. But the wild beast fears the voices of the men.

Quiet! Again they have clinched! Extravagant are the speculations of the men as to the outcome. Fiercer and fiercer waxes the battle, when with surprising suddenness the tumult ceases. Not a sound escapes from the ground. Minutes pass. Is the dog dead? the suspense becomes unbearable.

Nelse grows anxious. He must enter the cave. With revolver in hand, he crawls in. Dave is to follow if succor is needed. But Nelse's head and shoulders are no sooner free within the chamber than some live thing in its mad gyrations around the room lights with stunning force upon the back of his neck.

With a mad lunge Nelse clears the entrance, upsetting Dave, who is hugging the rear. No second attempt was made to assist the dog.

With alternating spells of silence, followed by attacks more savage than before, the engagement continued until the going down of the sun. Then a silence fell over the cave, more prolonged than any before. The men called repeatedly for the dog to come out, but nothing of life appeared; neither was the faintest sound heard from within. Old Flora had certainly been killed. But who dared enter to see?

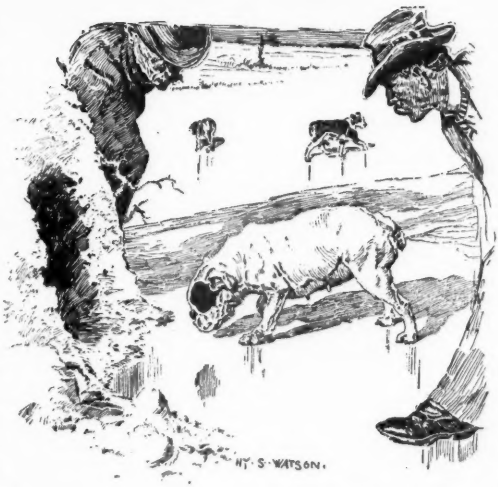
It was rapidly growing dusk, and the party regretfully prepared to leave, calling for Old Flora as they moved away.

"What is that?" shouted somebody, raising his pistol as if to fire, as out from the cave crawled a dark object.

"It's the dog," answered another. But no wonder she had not been recognized in the dusk. From ear to elow, she was besmeared with mud and blood. Her scalp and sides

"Those terrible canines found their hold in the sensitive nose of the bull."

were piteously torn and lacerated — a tearful sight. But despite her wounds and loss of strength, she, unassisted, followed the men homeward. Next morning her head had swollen to twice its normal size.



"At the entrance of the cave Old Flora sniffed the damp air."

The party, bent on knowing the beast with which she had fought so nobly, returned to the cave, crept in, and were astonished as they brought to light a monster lynx with head chewed shapeless.

That a dog of her size and build, endowed with no means of defense save a pair of jaws, could beard in his den and slay a beast of prey in size her superior, and gifted with an agility of limb and body perhaps unsurpassed, teeth as piercing as needles, and claws that could tear a dog's hide to shreds: that she could worst in the fight so splendid an antagonist is a powerful evidence of her physical endurance, obstinacy, and indomitable will, such as knows no defeat.

These are the more interesting of the many experiences and adventures of Old Flora's lively career. She lived a "strenuous life" and died lamented at the good old age of twelve years.

Howard L. Hill.

UNDER THE ROD

By EDWYN SANDYS

FOND MAY smiles o'er her new-waked blooms,
The foam-flecked brook is blithely singing;
Soft airs drift, rich with blent perfumes,
And sweet bird-carols tireless ringing.
Fair Queen of May my lady stands
In grace befitting Dian's daughter,
The foam-wreath whitens in her hands
And in her eyes the sparkling water.
She breathes the magic of the spring—
She passes—envious flowers gaze after—
Tho' birds and ripples madly sing,
'Tis not for them to match her laughter.
The eager trout await her lures,
Deeming death sweet at such commanding:
A whisper in my heart assures
'Tis more than trout she 'll soon be landing.

MY TROUT STREAM

By FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

DRAWINGS BY H. C. EDWARDS AND PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE MOORHOUSE

"When I really want revenge on a man I resort to verse."

OTHER men own streams, but none of them is just like mine; and other men catch trout in their streams, but the trout are not the speckled beauties, the great lunkers that lurk in hidden places under the banks of my brook of variable moods.

It is far from the haunts of man, and yet so near that I can get to it in the space of six whiffs of my faithful old briar. It flows down through a lovely vale in Arcadia. Mayhap it is not far from that stream of yours, if we only knew it, for there are many streams in Arcadia.

It starts way up in a narrow, rocky ravine, and comes tumbling down over the huge boulders, and the smooth ledges, and the pebbly, riffled shoals, in riotous glee, shouting and laughing and singing for the very joy of being alive.

"Here I am!" it calls to the tall pines and the fragrant hemlocks and the feathery cedars that look down upon it on either side from their lofty heights. "Here I am! Come and catch me if you can!"

And it seizes hold of the long grasses that line its banks with a fringe of many shaded green, as they nod in sleep, bowing low to the water's edge, and tosses them up and makes sport with them. Or, grown more bold for the nonce, it dashes itself recklessly against the wrinkled face of some old time-worn rock, wetting it with a shower of silver spray.

But the old rock never heeds. Has it not withstood the fierce buffetings of the warring elements, and the ravages of time for centuries? Aye, and shall it not withstand these things for centuries to come? So what matter the impetuous, harmless assaults of this noisy little brook? Let it amuse itself if it will. And the brook falls back upon itself and hurries away, sulking.

"Stupid old fogy!" it pauses long enough in a swirling eddy to cry, scornfully, at the silent rock. "Stay where you are and dream out your life in this dull hole, if you want to. I am going forth to see the world," and away it rushes on its mission of pleasure.

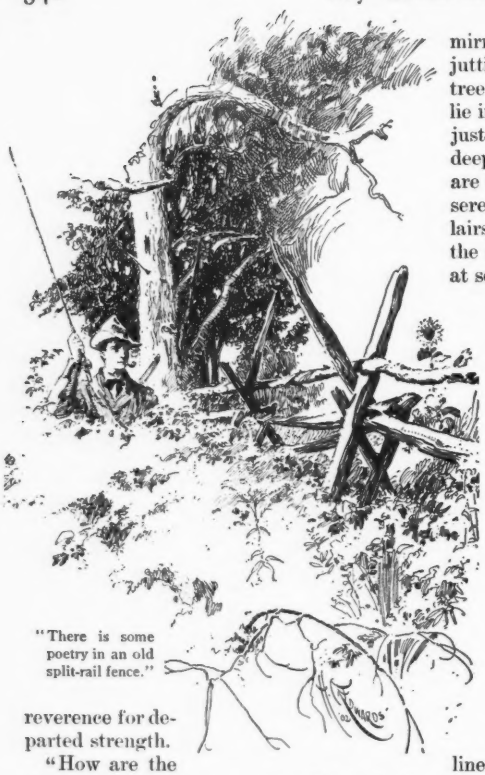
And after all, it will only end in a river, and the river in the sea, and the sea—well, the sea will be caught up into the clouds as moisture, I suppose, and descend again to water the earth and make other vain-boasting brooks. And so the never-ending change goes on, world without end, like a tale that is told and told and told again. Truly, this life of ours is not much different from that of the babbling brook.

But that is what the grim-faced rock says to itself. The irresponsible brook knows nothing of such weighty questions and cares less. Just below the big rock there is a sudden, sharp bend, so sudden that it takes the brook by surprise, and it hesitates a moment, half afraid of what may lie beyond in the dense forest which now appears before it

for the first time, and spreads itself out into a deep, broad pool, where the big trout love to lie.

Here a boisterous zephyr, just one whit less boisterous than the brook, sweeps down upon the latter, all unsuspecting, and tries to raise riot with this noisy fellow who has been creating such a disturbance up above in the ravine. But the brook glides softly away and loses itself in a tangled bed of water cress, but comes out laughing on the other side and plunges into the forest, pursued by the boisterous zephyr; the zephyr gets lost in the vast forest, and the brook, grown more sedate, wanders on alone through the great stillness. And, anon, it comes upon a giant of the forest, a lordly cedar, lying prone across its path, stately even in death. Again the brook checks its course, but this time from a feeling of respect and

"Once I came upon a stream—not in Arcadia—that closely resembled my trout stream."



"There is some poetry in an old split-rail fence."

reverence for departed strength.

"How are the mighty fallen," it murmurs softly to itself. "All honor to the dead. They sleep well who are not afraid to die; so the big pine that guarded my birthplace told me."

And the brook creeps silently beneath the huge body of the giant of the forest, and, murmuring a prayer for the dead, it bathes the bruised and broken limbs with its cool, limpid waters, covers all with mosses and lichens, and then steals quietly down through the forest glade, sobered and thoughtful, and wondering at this mystery of death in life.

The little brook is beginning to learn, and has now become a winding, sweet-singing forest stream. It flows on and on until it finds the river somewhere, though where I cannot tell, for to me it has no end. And from where it starts, a turbulent, clamorous, tumultuous brook up in the rocky ravine, to where it meets the river, wherever that may be, it is mine—all mine.

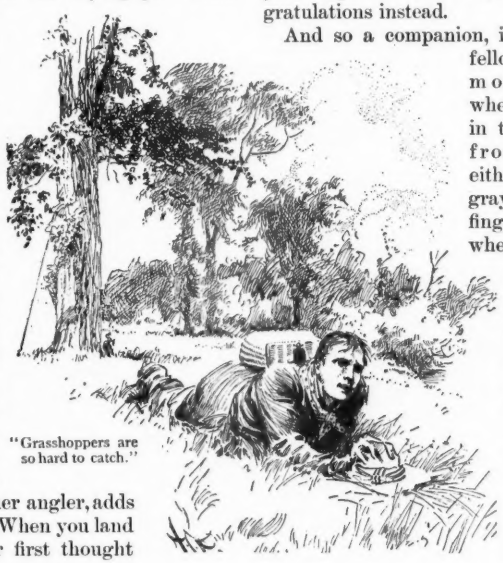
All along its tortuous course, in every deep pool, where the swaying ferns and grasses and the overhanging bushes are mirrored in the still water beneath each jutting, moss-covered log and every fallen tree that spans its limpid depths, the trout lie in wait for their prey. In the evening, just at sundown, when the shadows are deepening in the woods, and the crickets are tuning their fiddles for their all-night serenade, the big trout quit their hidden lairs and come forth in search of food; and the smaller ones dart about in play, rising at some imaginary fly or darting hither and thither, aimlessly, in the mere joy and love of movement. Where you see the water break into a ripple of phosphorescent light, and broaden out in fast disappearing circles, you may know that one of the smaller fry has risen to the surface, only to dart away frightened at its own temerity. But where you see the quiet surface of the pool suddenly part with a swirl, and catch a gleam of silver and red in the fast fading light, and hear the heavy splash that follows, you may know that a prince of the realm has seized upon the tribute he extorts from the inhabitants of the insect world as his just due. In that dark pool is the place to cast your fly.

I have never had much success at fly casting in other streams. Somehow my line will not run out the way it should, try as I may, and if by chance I happen to make a moderately good cast, it never lands where it was meant to, but generally in some bush or—unpleasant thought—in the branches of some overhanging tree. That always means another hook and probably another leader. I know a few men that can cast fifty, sixty, or even seventy-five feet. I know a vast number who say they can make a hundred feet, but they never do it when I am around. I made one phenomenal cast of thirty feet, once, and with that cast I caught—a bullfrog. You see, the fly did not follow the direction mapped out for it, but a gust of wind caught it, and it took an erratic course of its own choosing and landed in a boggy place. Hence the bullfrog. But I measured the line, and it was thirty feet, and I felt a little reconciled. I had broken my record.

On my trout stream a hundred feet is nothing extraordinary, and fifty feet is mere child's play; I can always place the fly just where I want it; and there is always a trout, a whopping big fellow, waiting there to take it.

So much for fly fishing. There are certain places on my stream where a fly is not to be thought of. Long, narrow stretches where the branches of the hardwood trees meet close overhead, and where the water flows over pebbly shoals and scoops out hollows in the bank. Here you must bait your hook with a grasshopper or a garden worm; let the line float down stream far ahead, while you follow after with the water playing about your legs, just above the knee. My trout prefer the garden worm. Grasshoppers are so hard to catch.

You won't hook any very big fish here. None much over six inches in length, just the right size for the frying pan when cooked over the camp fire; the kind that come out so crisp and brown, that you can take them up in your fingers and eat—head and all.



"Grasshoppers are so hard to catch."

It is always pleasant to have a congenial companion with you on a trout stream. There is one, and sometimes, but not often, two with me when I goa-fishing. The friendly rivalry, arising from the presence of another angler, adds zest to the sport. When you land a good one, your first thought is:

"I wonder if Tom has caught one bigger than this."

And when you meet and spread out the contents of your baskets on the grass for comparison, the biggest fish is held back for the final contretemps.

"What do you think of that fellow?" your companion inquires at last, when he thinks he has you beaten, holding up a lunker that will tip the scales at a full pound. There is an air of conscious pride, with a suspicion of superiority in the manner in which he throws out his chest. This is his moment and you let him enjoy it to the full, because you know that the speckled beauty lying in the bottom of your basket will go a good half pound more. So you listen patiently while he spins his yarn about the great fight the fish put up, and when he is sailing along under full steam you suddenly bring him around with something like this:

"It's a good one, but you didn't notice this one of mine. I think he'll come pretty close to that fellow," and Tom's fervor receives a shock, as the trout of which he has been boasting so much immediately becomes dwarfed when laid beside the one you produce; then you try not to brag unbecomingly. But if, perchance, his luck has been better than your own, you simply maintain a discreet silence about the fish on which your hopes were based, and extend congratulations instead.

And so a companion, if he be a "good fellow," is always most welcome, whether angling, or in the tramp to and from the stream; either in the soft, gray light of "rosy fingered dawn," or when the quiet, subdued tones of the closing day brood over the landscape, when the whip-poor-will is calling to his mate, and the night with its "thousand eyes" is descending upon you. There are so many things that appeal to one at these hours; so many thoughts that come to one demanding expression; it is the hour when a congenial soul is very welcome company, and much to be desired.

I have never been able to decide in my own mind which part of the day appeals to me the more, the gray dawn, or the dim, shadowy twilight. You arise in the very early morning, while it is yet dark, half grumbling at the unseemliness of the hour, and with sleep hanging heavily on your eyebrows. But a douse of cold water brings you to yourself and dispels the cobwebs from your brain, and you pick up your rod and can of bait and, slinging the creel over your shoulder, start for the stream. Occa-

sionally a rabbit will dart across your path; or, if you are in the pines, a clumsy porcupine may go lumbering past you, or if your luck is great, a deer may spring up from some thicket and go bounding away into the forest. As you reach the brook, the gray light is beginning to show in the East, and the stars pale and finally go out altogether. The air is chilly, and your fingers feel stiff as you bait your hook and make ready for the sport soon to begin. Just as the gray is changing to purple and rose, and the birds are awakening and preparing to greet the rising sun with their morning choral, you cast in. The trout are hungry in the early hours, and the blood is soon flowing warm in your veins, as the excitement of the sport seizes hold of you and—you are happy. Such a morning is worth living for. What an appetite you take back to camp with you for breakfast, and how good the trout taste!

On the other hand, the evening fishing has charms of its own not to be lightly overlooked. There is something soothing in the subtle tints, the rich blending of ever changing colors at twilight time, and in the feeling of stillness and rest that steals over one at this hour. It is the hour of which poets love to sing, and the big trout bite best in the evening. I could not part with the charm of the peaceful, quiet eventide, but would I yield my right to walk forth in the soft, gray light of the early dawn and rejoice with birds at the rising of the sun?

The gray dawn with its promises of a glorious day—but storms may come and the day that promised so fair may end in disappointment and grief — or the restful eventide, when the storms have passed, and the sky is once more clear, and the tired world sinks to sleep?

The gray dawn, or the restful eventide? Which is the better? Which do you prefer?

I once came upon a stream in the woods —not in Arcadia—that closely resembled my trout stream. So close, indeed, was the resemblance that the sight of it gave me quite a shock, and I wondered if my brook had lost itself and wandered way down here into civilization by mistake. I followed the winding course of this new stream, and I seemed to know intuitively just what lay beyond each sharp bend, and just where the trout were hiding, for with every cast I got a strike.

But I soon discovered that this stream possessed one or two unpleasant features wholly foreign to mine. The first was the vast number of mosquitoes that attacked me from all sides voraciously I do not object to a few, or even a moderate number of them. They serve to keep the mind occupied, and furnish diversion when the fish are not biting well. But when it comes to swarms and myriads of the pests, why, life is not worth living in their vicinity; that's all there is about it.

Another undesirable feature was a certain kind of shrub, or bush, which grew along the banks, always over the most likely looking holes. I do not know what it is called. I have a name of my own for that bush—several of them, in fact, but I fear none of them would look well in print. Late in the season it has a small, round seed, or berry, about the size of a pea, growing in profusion all over its branches, and nature never devised anything better calculated to bring discomfiture upon the angler. But it really makes no difference at what season of the year you have dealings with this bush. You can never take it unprepared. It is always sentient with life, always ready to reach out its claw-like branches and seize hold of your line, and the next moment the line is making spider webs all over it, and the bush rejoices. Such a plant could not live on my stream.

And then there is one other thing; something, the mere mention of which agitates my nerves. The discovery of such a thing, boldly flaunting itself near this lovely stream, was a terrible blow. I was willing to overlook or put up with the mosquitoes and the bush and was wading adown the brook with contentment in my soul.

"Verily," thought I, "there is some poetry left in this old world, after all, without having to go a thousand miles to find it." And just at that moment I rounded a sharp bend, and, before I knew it, ran plump into a barb-wire fence.

Let me pause for a brief space and anathematize this invention of some evil-minded man. I know not whether the inventor is alive or lying in an unquiet grave. It matters not. If he be alive I only hope that these lines may strike his eye. He has perpetrated the outrage, and it is too late to repent. He was no fisherman; that I know, nor had he any regard for man or beast.

A barb-wire fence destroys your peace of mind as well as your clothes; it harrows

your feelings and furrows your flesh. It should not be tolerated anywhere. There is some poetry in an old split-rail fence with its many angles and protruding ends, and its corners where the black-eyed Susans and the yellow daisies and the sunflowers and the goldenrod bloom, and where the sumac and the elderberry grow. It lends itself to any situation, as it were; harmonizes with the landscape, and can be climbed without inspiring in the bosom of the climber the fear of a sudden, horrible death. But from the barb-wire fence—O deliver us!

"I can get to it in the space of six whiffs of my faithful old briar."

On this occasion I stood glaring at the fence, thinking some unprintable things, and then I essayed to climb over. It bore my weight until I was a-straddle the top wire, and then, of course, gave way, and brought confusion upon me. When I finally succeeded in extricating myself from its deadly embrace, and had taken an inventory of myself, I sat me down upon a mossy log, and taking out my note book, composed a satire on the cause of my distress. When I really want revenge on a man, and wish to make him suffer pain, I resort to verse. It always has the desired effect. Here is what I wrote about the peace-destroying fence:

Thou thing of prongs and twisted wire,
By man's inventive genius wrought;
None but a man whose soul was fraught
With ill-intent, and vengeance dire
'Gainst man and beast, could e'er devise,
A thing so fitted to bring woe
And fell distress upon his foe
As thy barbed strands. Nor deem him wise
Who thought out this abomination.
Brand him the foe to all creation!

After that I felt better.

Although so sadly disillusioned, after due reflection I decided not to turn my back upon this stream. The fishing was too good to be lightly set aside, and knowing what was in store for me, I was no longer subject to disappointment.

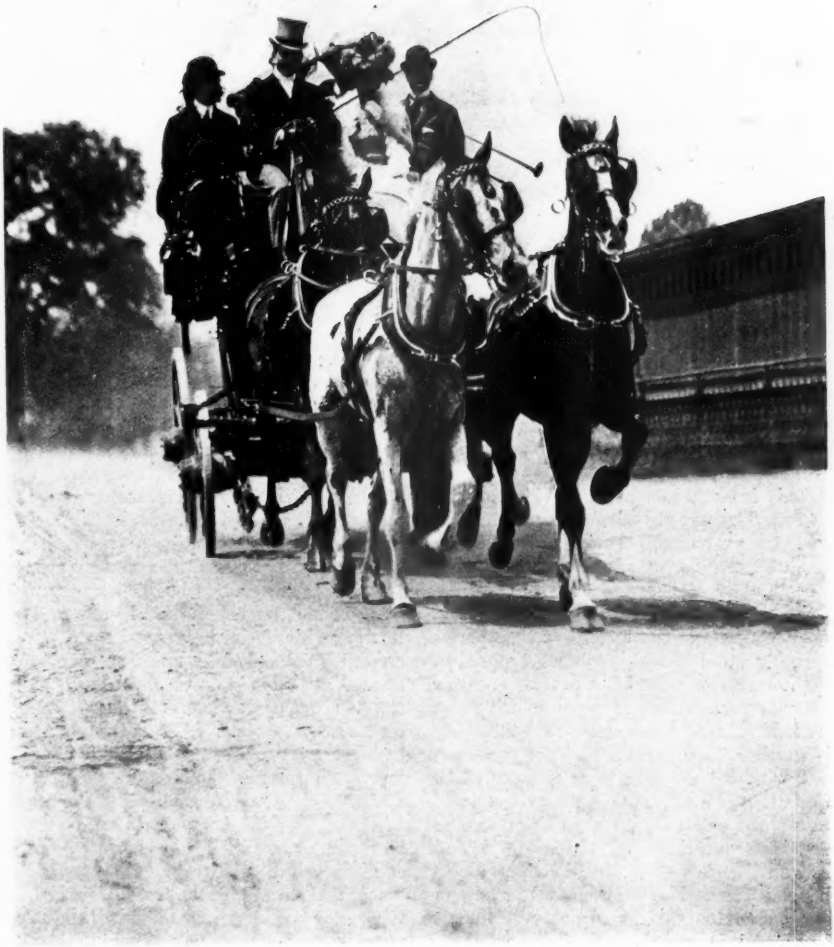
I introduced my chum—a companion of mine on many a journey into Arcadia—to this newly discovered brook, and together we fished all its rippling shallows and the deep, dark pools, caught many fine trout, and had much good sport.

To fully appreciate my trout stream one must cast his fly in other waters, and perhaps toil all day and catch nothing; for most of our pleasures come by contrast, and I never go home with an empty creel after a day's sport on my winding brook.

And you, O fisherman! wherever you may be, do you not own a stream somewhere in Arcadia? And though you have lived out your three score and ten years, and the restful eventide be approaching; though your limbs have grown stiff, and the once active muscles no longer nobly respond to your will, have not you, also, a stream like this? And in the lazy summer days when it is a joy to lie in the shade of the rustling trees, or at the fireside in the long evenings when the "gray days and cold" have come, can you not half close your eyes and let your fancy carry you back to some sweet-voiced brook in Arcadia?

There are many lovely streams in that lovier land of our dreams, enough for all, but you will not find one that quite compares with that stream of mine. This city life, with all its affectations, is stupid at its best, and I would "fly on the wings of the morning" to where my treasure is.

Allons! my old chum, my boon companion of former years. *Allons!* Let us go a-fishing.



Photograph by E. M. Bidwell.

In the Park.

ON A ROAD COACH

By LEONIDAS HUBBARD, JR.

THE public coach Liberty was rumbling through Jersey City on its way toward the Brunswick Road. A group of firemen had just waved greeting, when the passengers turned to see the red-faced driver of a van howling out his salutation.

"Tam fools! Dat 's phat you is," said he.

There was an element of good-natured frankness in the greeting that gave it character, which most of the volunteered remarks lacked. It was more impressive for the reason that an early April rain, of the steady sort which promises to last all day and to grow colder every minute, was fairly under way. If I mistake not, every passenger, and the whip, too, if he had not got past that point long time ago, asked down in his heart of hearts if the van driver were not speaking the truth. At any rate the driver's point of view was obvious. "I do this," thought he, "to make a living. If I did n't have to do it I would n't. Those fellows don't have to, so they are obviously fools."

This is not a new point of view, by any means. The man groaning under a hundred-pound pack on the portage, and he whose teeth chatter as he wades a chilling trout stream, alike ask now and then if they are not fools. If one says "yes" to himself, he will be saying it to you pretty soon: that is whining, and whining is unpardonable. Sometimes every one of us comes very near it; yet when we come down to the point we halt, knowing, somehow, that the thing is worth while after all.

I wish I knew just what makes us like these things with their discomforts. It is no doubt the same that makes the one-time Arctic traveler long for the ice-pack, and retired Thomas Atkins for the thirsty land beyond Suez. Maybe it is the feeling of self-respect that comes with achievement; at any rate it is something good to possess.

These passengers on the coach Liberty had engaged passage some time during the week previous, paying the sum of twelve dollars each for a seat, though they might have gone by train for something less than two. They could not go on an earlier day in the week because a multi-millionaire railway magnate had engaged the coach, nor on the day following because a woman whose name is in every New York society paper had the coach chartered for a party of friends. Seats are taken rain or shine, just as much as is a steamer stateroom or a berth in a sleeper. So when the young men who were to go to Lakewood this particular morning saw the state of the weather they knew they were in for it.

The coach would leave at eight-fifty, sharp, said the announcements. And eight-fifty means, in coaching terms, what it does in the terms of the railroad guide—exactly ten minutes of nine; not a minute sooner nor a minute later. That is half the sport. So the passengers gathered at the Holland House, beginning at half-past eight. They were introduced to the whip and to the owner's representative. Then from the boots the guard pulled out a raincoat and an apron for each passenger. Then he looked at his watch, waved his hand, and the passengers climbed up. Some began to pull the waterproof aprons over their laps, but the guard coached them that the proper use of this garment is buckled around the body inside the coat: the passengers had learned a bit of coaching good form. Now an automobile dashed up; a young man, famous on two continents as a whip, stepped out and spoke to the whip and owner's representative. From another automobile a gentleman and lady waved greeting. Then, just as the clock on the church down below showed eight-fifty the four started down Fifth Avenue, while the guard's horn told other vehicles to give way.

The coach turned west on Twenty-fourth Street and started for the ferry. Meanwhile the guard was sounding the horn, and people were stopping to look. From the street, from doorways, from first, second, third, and other stories way up, they kept on staring. Small boys shouted, grimy looking young men uttered time-worn ejaculations,

and the passengers began to feel, down deep (this is confidential), that there is something pleasant in just being stared at when one is in good company, and there is nothing to prevent his looking straight ahead with well bred indifference.

By courtesy of the New York Tribune.

Mr. James H. Hyde, Owner and Whip of the Liberty.

So on rolled the coach, across the ferry, through Jersey City, and out upon the country roads—old roads, that George Washington marched over, maybe, on his way south to capture Cornwallis. Now there are farm houses, real farm houses, with real farmers looking out of the windows. There are mud holes and bad bits of road and places where you are sure the coach must pull up or have trouble. But there is just the least movement of the reins now and then with a fluttering out of the harmless lash, and the coach rolls right along without a check. Meanwhile the rain goes on, and the color of your neighbor's hat is becoming queerly distributed over his face.

And now down the road ahead you catch sight of two teams, harnessed and blanketed. And then you see they are held by men in uniform. Closer still, and you see it is the uniform of the Liberty stablemen. The coach stops suddenly, and you think you will take a walk and stretch your legs. But you are hardly down when the whip shouts "Coach!" and the others begin to climb back to their seats. A glance at your watch tells you the coach is pulling out just one half minute ahead of the schedule. On time when road has been bad and weather awful!

By courtesy of the New York Tribune.

The Liberty Ready to Start for Lakewood, Mr. Hyde Driving.

Now it begins to dawn on you why eight-fifty means eight-fifty in coaching nomen-

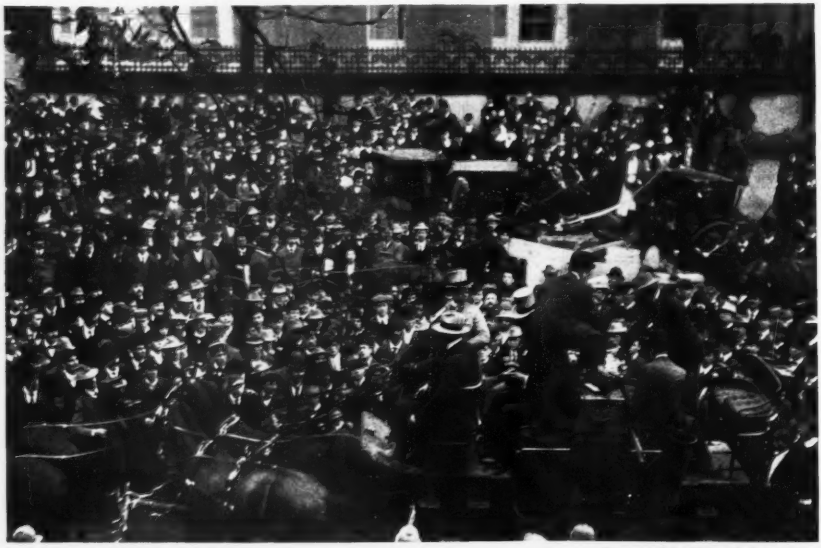
Photograph by E. M. Bidwell.

In the Rain ; Mr. Reginald W. Rives on the Box.

The Liberty's Last Change on the Lakewood Route is Made at Squankum.

clature, and not eight-fifty-three. It is part of the game to get this great, lumbering, beautiful thing on wheels into Lakewood, eighty-two miles away, at exactly six-ten. It is not just a matter of seeing country and breathing fresh air. It is a problem of making forty different horses maintain such an average speed that the coach will roll up at each relay station just when the grooms have brought out the new team, and at the two refreshment stations just as the bouillon is ready, at the halfway house where luncheon is served just at the time marked on the card. And it is a problem of doing all the right and on you go—not a second has been lost.

There is a turn ahead. The four makes it without a lost motion in a perfect curve. And there is a railroad bridge. A train comes just as you are passing under. The leaders rear, and the off wheel horse shows signs of nervousness. For the first time now you realize what a long way it is to the ground, and how impossible to jump as you might do and have done from an ordinary wagon; you are mindful of what a heavy thing a coach is and what a smash there would be if anything went wrong.



Photograph by Walter P. Robertson.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt Leaving Philadelphia on His Record-Breaking Trip from New York to Philadelphia and Return, in Twenty-four Hours.

this, no matter how many teams are passed or how many cattle get into the road or how many farmers' sons line up along the way with herds of cows. Now you stop thinking so much about the people you see and the rain, to think just what the whip is feeling and to hope for just what he is hoping. You watch him more closely now, and the road also.

There comes a team. The horn promptly sounds warning, but your own instinct is to pull up for the meeting. The team turns out, and the whip makes a motion at the reins, so slight you can't make it out for the life of you; your team turns slightly to

And with it all comes the fact that your safety depends on that cool gentleman with the reins in his hands. He scarcely makes a move: just a little shift of the reins, a word or two, and some way the leaders stop their rearing. It looks like some subtle sympathy between horses and master—something suggestive of the telepathic. Maybe it is; there are stranger things in this world than telepathy. You think, maybe, it is a matter of long acquaintance. But when, later on, you ask how long he has driven this team, he tells you they were never driven to a coach until a week ago Tuesday. And when you marvel, he asks

Photograph by E. M. Bidwell.

Robert L. Geary on the Westchester Roads.

if you ever tried treating a bad man like a gentleman. "If you did, you found him one of the best fellows in the world, I 'll venture," says the whip. "That 's the way with horses."

And the same mysterious control seems to extend from whip to other users of the road; one would expect anger now and then on the part of the mighty American public. But it does not come. The coach passes farm wagons and hay racks, buggies and bicycles, men on horseback and men

Photograph by Walter P. Robertson.

The Coach Pioneer Taking on the Cock Horse at King's Bridge: Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Whip.

Photograph by T. C. Turner.

"You think you will take a walk, but you are hardly down when the whip shouts 'Coach!'"

on foot. True, it gives its portion of the way, as it should, but it is rather surprising to one who knows the American populace that there are not some of these who would make the hurrying coach give all.

But here 's another team waiting before a roadside inn with a quaint name and a sign made by a famous painter of coaches. It takes a minute to realize that these are a part of the route, part of the dressing that is to supply the atmosphere of old English coaching days. And just as the coach pulls

Photograph by Walter P. Robertson.

"Your watch tells you the coach is pulling out one half minute ahead of schedule."

"After the team is changed there is still a minute to spare."

up, out come two white-aproned waiters with trays and cups, and biscuits and pitchers of hot bouillon. Hot bouillon will go far toward making one assert that coaching is worth while on rainy April days. There are other things, hot and cold, to be had within; but the wise man spurns them for the bouillon.

And now we who have done nothing but rejoice with the whip have a chance to share with him anxiety. For the very first mile proves too conclusively that the off

Photograph by T. C. Turner.

"Must have the horses waiting when the coach rolls into sight."

Photograph by E. M. Bidwell.

This Coaching Party Includes Messrs. Prescott Lawrence, August Belmont, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Sr., W. K. Vanderbilt, and Colonel William Jay.

leader is sick. Lagging and uncertain of step, the poor horse does its best; but that is no good whatever. We rather dread the urging which we unconsciously look for. But there is only a low-spoken word now and then, a harmless twirling of the lash, and a little restraining of the sick one's team mates. That is all. A sick horse is a sick horse, and to make the best of a bad matter is philosophy.

We fairly groan at the next change, for twenty-six minutes have been lost. Some one remembers that the last train from Lakewood leaves at six-forty. A little more lost time, and we do not get home to-night. There is an hour for lunch. Maybe we will take the lost time out of lunch hour, suggests one of the passengers who wrapped his apron outside his raincoat this morning. But not so. The passengers of a coach must eat, and eat with due deliberation. And the coach pulls out still twenty-four minutes behind schedule.

It is a charm of coaching that the man on the box seat may talk to the whip, if the whip so desire, though why this is not as bad as talking to pilot or motorman is hard to see. And now the man on the box seat asks the whip if we can possibly make up the lost time. Other passengers hear the query and listen. The whip very quietly remarks that it seems quite possible. And this, to the passengers who expected the time lost to be deducted from lunch hour, seems an admission of defeat. Accustomed to the ways of the professional, they rather look for the whip to swear and spit on his hands, or give some equally potent demonstration of his resolve.

True, the coach does sway a little more than common on the next curve, and the passengers on the outside seats unconsciously hold on. Yes, and after their rest on a long, down grade the horses take the next hill at a stiff gallop. Now another change appears ahead. Everybody gets out his watch. Eighteen minutes behind. Only eighteen! Six minutes gained on this one relay. And the ways of the gentleman whip become more clear. It is the whip's game now; scenery, and stories, and songs have all given way to this one thing, of bringing the coach through mud and water to Lakewood, and to bring it there by six-ten.

There are two more changes. Then the pine trees begin to appear; pine trees mean that the destination cannot be far away. And now little suburban-looking houses are set among the pines, and pretty soon we see a railroad station. Then the coach swerves to the right. It passes a big hotel, and the horses break into a gallop, swing again to the right, and stop before another big hostelry. This is the end of the run. The passengers look at their watches. It is six-ten.

The passengers know something of what coaching, the sport, means, but not all by a very great deal. To ride one day taking the chance that it will be good or bad is one thing; to promise to run a public coaching line between two popular points for two or three or four months, beginning at a certain day, leaving every morning at eight-fifty and finishing every evening at six-ten, and booking passengers for the trips, is another.

Fancy yourself starting a coach line from your town to some point eighty miles away. First you must purchase fifty suitable horses or thereabouts. You must know a coach horse when you see it. Not one of the lot must be too slow nor too high strung. It must be neither too large nor too small. A moderate-sized horse is best, one that can trot a good ten-mile gait without trouble is absolutely necessary. They should be fairly well bred, or else they will lack the requisite spirit. Having your horses you must distribute them in relays and must find, in this day of little coaching, men for the stables, who may be trusted; men who will have every horse fed at the proper hour and will not put into your harness a team that has just eaten and cannot make time; men who will not blunderingly put a slow team in the lead and spirited animals for wheelers; men who will always, always, always have those horses waiting at the minute the coach is due. And withal you must draw checks, whose aggregate will run into the tens of thousands. You must see that every bit of all this machinery is in working order every minute; otherwise your public coach line will disgrace you. To start the Liberty cost Mr. Hyde not far from thirty thousand dollars. When the last run is made, in early summer, the horses will be sold at public auction.

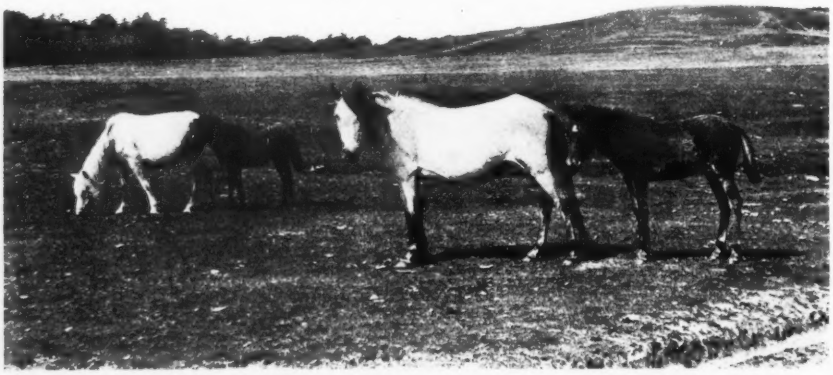
Coaching in America began about twenty-five years ago. Before that time Americans were too busy for sport. Then Colonel William Jay, Colonel Delancy Kane, and Mr. Leonard Jerome, with friends whose names

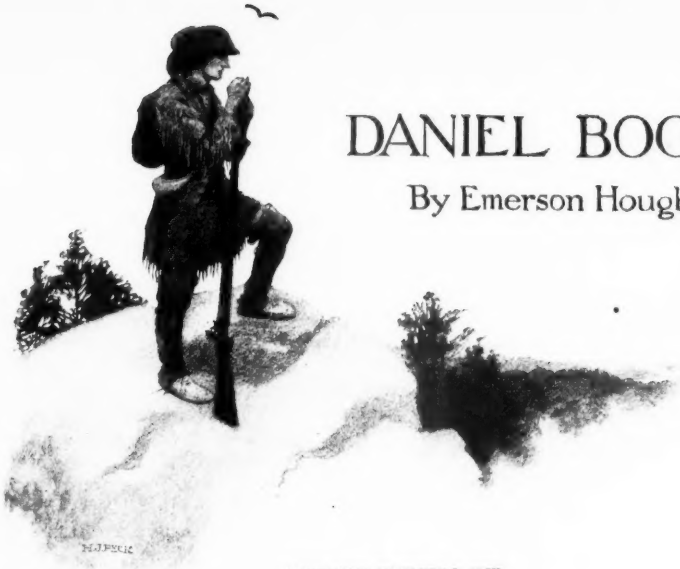
are known to every coaching man, brought the sport from the other side, but the organized interest was confined practically to park coaching. Later August Belmont, senior, Theodore A. Havemeyer, Francis R. Rives, and Pierre Lorillard put on the Tantivy, which ran from the old Hotel Brunswick in New York city to the Country Club at Pelham, and gave Americans the first established road coach. After the Tantivy there was no public road coaching as we have it to-day until about three years ago.

Now the New Yorker has his choice of a day's coaching trip north through Westchester, along the Hudson, to Ardsley, and the Lakewood run. There is also a coach to Morris Park during the racing season, and one or two others are projected for this summer. On the Ardsley ride Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt will quite possibly handle the reins, while the safety of the Lakewood passengers will in all probability be in the hands of Mr. James H. Hyde, owner of the Liberty, or Mr. T. Suffern Tailer. Chicago has one such line, with others projected.

And somebody will ask again what it all amounts to. That's such a common question in these over-practical days. Why do gentlemen bind themselves to drive, rain or shine, passengers or no passengers, when in all probability the privilege will cost them thousands?

A great psychologist has advised all men to undertake regularly some unpleasant task, and to complete it, for the sake of the discipline it brings. He might have added also for the pleasure of overcoming difficulties. That is the essence of sport, very largely. When a man promises the public to run a coach between two towns on schedule time he sets himself a task which ought to give huge satisfaction to the philosopher in question. To keep that promise leaves no place for excuses. The owners have promised results, and these they must give, despite rain and snow, mud and wind, faithless servants and sick horses. And when they have kept the promise they are better able to build railroads or command armies. That is the virtue of any manly sport after all, that it develops something new and strong in men that makes them better able to cope with the greater problems of real life.





DANIEL BOONE

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. PECK

UPON the wall of the writer's room there hangs a long-barreled, full-stocked, silver-sighted rifle, used by the writer's father and his father's father. As personal comparison has shown, this rifle much resembles that carried by Daniel Boone, Father of the American Frontier. These low-lying sights—wherethrough one first learned to play upon that sweet instrument, the rifle, to the extent that he has never since learned to love new-fangled rifle sights—these are such as were upon the rifle of Daniel Boone. This long slender rod of toughest hickory is such as was used upon the American frontier more than a hundred years ago. Here is the tiny worm or screw upon which the flax was fastened for the cleaning of the rifle after each, or each alternate, shot. Here is the tiny charger: here the little stoppered pouch wherein rested the small round bullets cast in this ancient bullet mold. This little bag once held the extra flint, the bit of lead, the awl for moccasin mending. Nearby hangs a shirt of buckskin. It might have been Boone's own apparel. These moccasins of the Cheyennes or the Sioux are perhaps hardly those which Boone would have worn, for they are beaded and bespangled, and Daniel Boone would hardly have cared for ornamentation on his footwear. The moccasins of Daniel Boone, we may presume, were made of elk or heavy buckskin. In the winter they were, at least during one period in his career, made of buffalo hide with the hair turned inward. Beleggined we may believe was Daniel, his thighs half bare, for no Highlander had his hardihood. His hair grew a bit long and ragged. He was sandy, sunburned, and strong, as we may suppose. His cap was of the fur of cat or 'coon or otter, as the case might be, when better head covering failed him. He stood straight, looked straight, shot straight, lived straight, of that we may be sure.

To-day we do not spell Boone's name as he spelled it. Historians differ as to the place of his birth. They give us most confusing accounts of his personal appearance. We all know that, in a general way, Boone was the discoverer of Kentucky—which in truth he was not. We suppose that he was a great Indian fighter, though really he fought Indians but incidentally and not from love of it. We know that the figure of Daniel Boone is heroic, big, simple, grand, above all pretenses, in short, the figure of a man; yet when we gaze at it intently, it vaguely shifts and blends with the shadows. Perhaps it were better to let him remain mythical, suggestive, mysterious, type of those far-off wonder days with which we are now so rapidly losing touch in our America.

The first camp of Daniel Boone did not cost a quarter of a million dollars. It cost

nothing whatever but certain strokes of his hunting hatchet. They sent him to school, we may be sure, and we may be equally sure that Daniel slipped readily away from the little log schoolhouse and its birch-rod discipline. They found him miles away, far out in the woods, where for some days he had been living after that fashion which by instinct was dear to him. He had builded himself a little camp of boughs and bark and logs. Here, a mere child, he was living by himself, content with solitude, content with watching the ways of the wild things, content to absorb through every fiber of his being that intimate knowledge of the real wilderness which was to make him the fit apostle of adventure, the prophet and guide of advancing civilization. This picture of the boy Boone, living alone, miles from home, in a camp of his own creation, is the first definite one which we may form from the meager historical data regarding him and his life.

In chronology Boone's time dates back to that of Washington. He was born November 2, 1734,* the date of Washington's birth being 1732. The Boone family was English in origin, Squire Boone coming to America early in the history of Pennsylvania. Boone's older brother was called Squire, after his father. The Boone homestead was once located in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and some historians state that Boone was born in Bucks County. Really Daniel Boone was born after his parents had moved into Berks County, Pennsylvania, near the town which is now Reading. The Boone family moved to the Yadkin River country, North Carolina, when Daniel was eighteen years of age. Up to this time, we may be sure, Daniel had but small acquaintance with books.† "His mind was not of the most ardent nature," writes his biographer. He got his knowledge from the great book of the "wilderness," that wilderness which was then America.

Along the Yadkin the life of the Boone family was much as it had been in Pennsylvania. Their cabins were no better than those of their neighbors; their corn fields were small and ragged; their hounds were more numerous than their hogs. Their lives were simple, primitive, severe. Yet the comedy of life went on upon the Yadkin as it does in the Adirondacks or in the metropolis of America to-day. The tender passion of love found the youth Daniel Boone here upon the Yadkin. One historian says, no doubt giving free rein to his fancy, that one night Daniel Boone was out fire-hunting for deer when, as he passed silently through the woods, all at once he saw shining two bright, luminous sparks, which at first he took to be those of his quarry. Some warning arrested his finger ere it touched the trigger. There was a rustle and a crackling of twigs as the creature bounded away with Boone in pursuit. Suddenly he found himself at a rude rail fence and saw the lights of a neighbor's cabin. The supposed wild creature was nothing more formidable than the daughter of his neighbor, Rebecca Bryan by name. This was fate, whether there was fire-hunt connected with it or not. Boone married her in 1755, at which time he must have been twenty-one years of age. Nothing now would serve but that he must push out farther into the West, away from his people and his neighbors. He moved toward the head of the Yadkin, where the forests were more quiet, where the sound of the neighbor's horn or the bark of his kinsman's hound would not disturb him. Here for a time he lived quietly, his cabin no better than his neighbors', his life the same as theirs. A year before his marriage he was in the militia fighting Indians. In the fatal Braddock defeat Boone was a wagoner in the baggage train, and barely escaped with his life.

He was thirty years of age before he seems to have been seized by the impulse which drove him toward the West.* He was then a past master of all woodcraft, but much like his fellows, married and settled, happy as any of his neighbors, a good type of the new man born on this American continent. The common picture of Boone describes him as tall, thin, angular, uncouth. As a matter of fact Boone was neither tall nor angular. His height was five feet ten inches—one writer says five feet eight inches. His weight

* Yet Henry Howe, usually accurate historian, says Boone was born February, 1735, in Bucks County, and when a "small boy" removed to Berks County.—"The Great West," 1855.

† There was long known a forest tree which bore this inscription: "D. Boon cilled a Bar on this tree year 1760." Boone at twenty-six might have spelled better than this; yet when he was much older he spelled "immediately" "amedetly"; and in his surveying he ran an "este corse."

* There seems to have been a conviction firmly fixed in Boone's soul during all his later years that he was the "chosen instrument for the establishment of the west-bound civilization." He felt that his life was foreordained and prearranged for him, that he was doing his duty in living as he did.

was about one hundred and seventy-five pounds, according to one observer. He was well proportioned and robust, and of a girth of chest which leads one writer to describe him as of "herculean proportions." Some writers speak of his "dark and piercing eye." The dark and piercing eye figures continually with those who would write of romance or adventure. As a matter of fact the dark and piercing eye has had far less to do with frontiering than the mild blue eye. Boone's eye was blue.* We may picture to ourselves a man of about the height and build of one who would to-day naturally distinguish himself in athletic pastimes. His eye was bright, his skin was clear and ruddy. Living upon sweet meat of the forest, continually exercising in the fresh open air, his physical condition was habitually perfect. Indeed, had this not been the case, the man could not have performed the great feats of strength, activity, and endurance which are authentically accredited to him. He was a good physical machine for exploration, for hunting, for Indian fighting.

"Had builded himself a camp of boughs and bark."

Of fighting there was to be a plenty, for Boone's fatalistic ambition regarding this fabled land of Kentucky was one which led him directly into the very hornets' nest of the whole western frontier. We have never had in America a better big game country than Kentucky in the early days. Made up in part of mountain and forest glade, of rolling hill and pleasant valley, with cane-brakes and broad prairies, crossed betimes by saline streams whereto the big game animals naturally came in numbers, Kentucky was known north, south, east, and west as the best hunting ground to be found in the territory of any of the tribes. Here the fierce warriors of the Six Nations, who set up a barrier sterner than that even of mountains upon the western limits of New York, had for generations sent their hunting parties. The Cherokees from the South came thither also; and even remnants from the Pennsylvania tribes, beaten down by their masters the Six Nations, ventured there in the hope that they might win through without surprises from their stronger foes. It was the Indians who called Kentucky the "Dark and Bloody Ground," and it was so named because of the conflict of savages among themselves and not because of the conflicts waged between the whites and the aboriginal population. Yet England and France, in Boone's early years, were beginning their struggle for the debated land of the upper Ohio Valley, and each flag had its red allies, who knew the south as well as the north bank of the Ohio. It was into this hornets' nest, this meeting ground of peppery-headed and strong-legged savages, that Daniel Boone purposed to journey upon his first adventurings.

We suppose that Boone was the first discoverer, or first white discoverer, of Kentucky but such is by no means the case. His first visit was in 1769. As early as 1754, James McBride, "with some others," went by canoe to the mouth of the Kentucky River and left their names there. John Finlay had traded among the Indians far down the Ohio River two years before Daniel Boone ever saw Kentucky.* Even before the time of

* It is thus shown by the portrait painter, Chester Hurdings, who made his most authentic likeness. This was but a few years before Boone's death, when he was a very old man. His hair was very gray and somewhat thin.

* In 1761 Boone made an excursion from the Yadkin to the Holstein. In 1766 Colonel James Smith "and five others" explored much of West Tennessee, and a few of the party even penetrated to Illinois. In 1770 the party of Drake and Skoggs were in Kentucky, and the Virginian, John McCullough, was there and west of there in 1769. In that same summer Uriah Stone took a party of twenty men over the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. Stone had been in Kentucky in 1766. George Washington was on the Ohio in 1770 and in 1767. John Finlay was in Kentucky in 1752, and Christopher Gist was there in 1750. Dr. Thomas Walker crossed Kentucky in 1748, Peter Salling and John Howard explored it in 1742. The French were there in 1735. Indeed, just one hundred years before Boone's second trip into Kentucky, John Lederer, of Virginia, crossed the Alleghanies and went west

Finlay, parties of "long hunters" from North Carolina had crossed the Divide, and perhaps traversed a good portion of these hunting grounds. No man had established his home in Kentucky at the time of Boone's first journey thither; but the first white man to build his home there was James Harrod, in the summer of 1774. We therefore see that Boone had Kentucky and the Trans-Appalachians a bit at second hand; but it seems to have been his deliberate purpose from the first to move his family into that country and settle there, far in advance of the remotest fringe of frontier population. He was to plant the standard of civilization and to hold it fast and firm.* This he seems to have conceived to have been his mission, and he went about the matter deliberately and methodically, actuated by what his best historian called the dominating characteristic of his life, an "unwavering fortitude," which supported him in his purpose no matter what difficulties beset him.

It was in the month of May, 1769, that Boone, accompanied by five companions—Joseph Holden, John Finlay, James Monay or Mooney, William Coole or Cooley, and John Stewart or Stuart †—started westward for the coveted country of Kentucky. They traveled some five hundred miles before they finally pitched a home camp, probably on the Red River. From this bivouac they pursued their hunting expeditions and explorations, and it was on some such little journey that Boone and his companions looked out over the delightful land of what is now Kentucky. Here, perhaps on the Elkhorn or the Licking, they saw, some of them for the first time in their lives, the rolling flight of the ponderous buffalo, perhaps for the first time saw the sweeping herds of stately elk, an animal possibly new or rare to them.‡ It was a princely hunting ground. The land which would raise venison would also raise corn. Daniel Boone, standing upon some lofty ridge and looking out over this fair country, drew with his rifle stock a line upon the ground and vowed within his heart that never would he make his home eastward of that meridian.

Yet our adventurers were to have taste of the quality of this land which they were so eager to possess. John Stewart and Boone, most eager of the little party of hunters, having made a second camp farther into the country, were one morning passing along the edge of a cane brake, when suddenly they were surprised by a large party of Indians. It had been folly to fire, so the two hunters gave up their arms and went with their captors, who seemed more eager to take them captive than to kill them on the spot.* Boone and Stewart were hurried by their captors westward and northward for seven days and nights, a hard march enough. The white men, hardier than their captors, stood the toil of the march better than they. On the seventh night the Indians lay down to sleep. Boone and Stewart lay awake. They dared not assault the sleeping Indians because of their numbers, and hence, taking counsel of discretion, they slipped away in the darkness. Now, with greater speed than they had employed on their northward journey, they hied themselves back to their bivouac on the Cumberland River. The camp was abandoned. The others of the North Carolina party, disheartened at the disappearance of their friends, had given up Kentucky and returned precipitately eastward to the settlements. Boone and Stewart had come to stay.

Enter now Squire Boone, Daniel's older brother, and one companion, who, like ravens in the wilderness, appeared to rescue Daniel and his wayworn friend. These four, taking no warning of this danger from savages, calmly reoccupied the bivouac and went about their hunting.

In the spring of 1770, Squire Boone returned to North Carolina and left Daniel Boone in Kentucky "without even a dog to bear him company," the sole white inhabitant, so far as we know, of that entire tract now know as Kentucky. Ah! now we see the quality of his resolution, see how he earned his title as the Father of Kentucky. So far from relinquishing his intention of dwelling in this land, Daniel Boone now went

for a way; and ninety-nine years before Boone saw Kentucky, Thomas Betts and party took possession of the headwaters of the Kanawha in the name of Charles II. Kentucky discovered Daniel Boone. When Boone crossed the Cumberland Gap he went into a land now ready and waiting for a Daniel Boone.

* Boonsborough was founded in 1775.

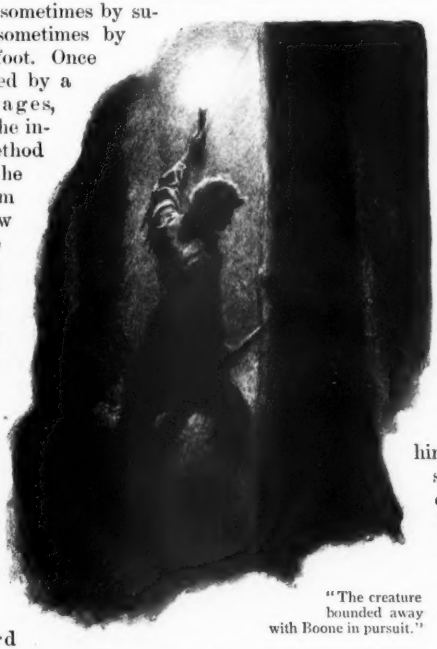
† Also a native of Berks County, Pennsylvania, who had removed to the Yadkin country.

‡ Some writers say that buffalo and elk were abundant when Boone first came to the Yadkin country. This is doubtful, and it is almost certain that by 1769 these animals were scarce or extinct east of the Alleghanies.

* When the Indians first met the whites they were not so bitter toward them. They did not kill or torture their captives as they later did, when they found what the presence of the whites meant to them and theirs.

calmly about exploring it, possessed of the conviction that one day it must be the home of white men.

The Shawnees and Cherokees and Iroquois who met and fought each other over this great hunting ground did not miss the trail of solitary Daniel Boone. Time and again they got wind of the presence of this single white inhabitant here in their "Dark and Bloody Ground." Time and again they trailed him. Time and again they found and plundered his little bivouac. Yet again and again he outwitted one or other of his foes, in one fashion or another, sometimes by greater bravery, sometimes by superior stratagem, sometimes by greater fleetness of foot. Once when closely pressed by a little band of savages, Boone could see at the instant no possible method of escape. Yet as he ran, casting about him with sharp eye, he saw hanging from a tree nearby a long rope of that cordage of the wood, the wild grapevine. Making up his mind in a flash, he ran hard as he might toward it, and making a broad leap, swung like a vast pendulum far out beyond his starting point. Flinging himself forward far as he could, he rose and ran forward again as swiftly as before. The ruse was successful. Even for these keen-eyed human hounds the trail was broken, and once more Boone escaped. At another time, when hotly pursued, he sprang over the edge of a high bluff, landed in the top of a tree, slid down the tree, and, swimming the nearby stream, hid beneath the opposite bank. This resourcefulness in time of sudden danger was something which never left him at any period of his life, and he owed his salvation to it on more than one occasion. Once, some years after the above incident, when Boone was well established in his frontier fortress, he was alone in a log shed, attending to the drying of some tobacco plants, when suddenly he found himself surrounded by several Indians. The latter beckoned him to come down and join them. Boone, who understood their language, told them that he would do so presently, but so maneuvered that at length he was able to push the pole frame, dry tobacco plants and all, down on the heads of his visitors. The eyes of the latter were blinded with the dust of the tobacco, and they did not see the wily Daniel slipping out of the window and making long strides toward the stockade. Once therein the rest was easy.



"The creature bounded away with Boone in pursuit."

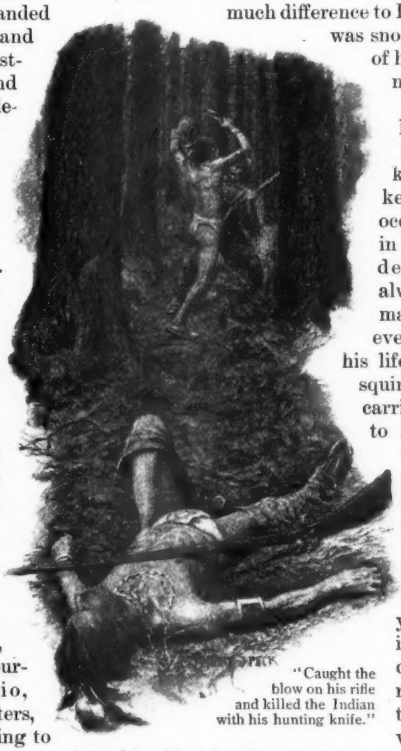
Yet another incident in Boone's career of personal adventures occurred at a point farther westward in Kentucky. He was alone in the forest when, all at once, he was assailed by two Indians, both armed with rifle and tomahawk. Observing the first rifleman about to fire upon him, Boone waited until the finger was about to press the trigger, and then flung himself quickly to one side. He was fortunate enough to escape the bullet, and a moment later managed to execute this same maneuver with the second savage. Then he calmly raised his rifle and killed one of them, and closed with the remaining warrior, believing, as he said, that "his rifle was as good as a tomahawk." The Indian was a brave man and stood for the assault. He struck at Boone with his keen-edged little ax, but the latter caught the blow on his rifle barrel and an instant later killed the Indian with his hunting knife. The personal valor of Boone, as well as his mental keenness, may be seen from these incidents. Over the southern door of the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington there was, some time after the death of Boone, erected a piece of sculpture that portrays this last mentioned incident of his life.

At another time, after the establishment of the early stations in Kentucky, a large party was out making salt at one of the salt licks, when a numerous party of Indians surrounded them and took twenty-seven prisoners, among them Daniel Boone. This time it was a most serious matter. The captives were hurried far to the north across the Ohio River, reaching in time the village of Old Chillicothe. In the following summer Boone, with ten others, was taken as far north as Detroit. The British general, Hamilton, would have bought Boone's freedom, but the savages knew him too well and valued him too much. They took him back to their villages and adopted him into their tribe. Here for a time he partook of the life of the Indian village in every particular. He wrestled with the warriors, shot with them, hunted with them; with them he drank the "war drink," and would have fought their foes. The only thing which disturbed him was the fate of his family, left behind at the station Boonsborough. Yet Boone afterward felt that this captivity was providential, for assuredly thereby he became prominently useful as an "instrument in the settlement of the wilderness." He saw his savage captors preparing for a general onslaught upon the Kentucky settlements. Summoning all his cunning, he broke away from the Indian town, hurried far and fast to the southward, across the Ohio, and so arrived in time to warn all the different fighting stations of Kentucky. The white men rallied once more. Once more the thin firing line held its own against the savage foe. The result of this unsuccessful expedition disheartened the savages so much that they practically ceased in their intended war of extermination — a war which in all cost Kentucky the lives of 1,500 of as splendid fighting men as ever trod moccasin leather.

Boone was indeed the very *deus ex machina* to save Kentucky in its time of need. It was he who gave James Robertson the powder and lead to continue his fight against the Cherokees when otherwise all had been lost for the lower settlements in Tennessee. It was Daniel Boone who gave the sober and fearless advice, so fatally disregarded, at the Battle of the Blue Licks, that unfortunate affair in which the rashness of McGarry caused Kentucky the loss of the flower of her fighting men. Colonel Todd asked Daniel Boone what ought to be done. Boone replied that the Indians were numerous and were ready to fight; that he knew the ground adjoining the lick afforded an ambuscade at a point where two ravines ran close up to a certain ridge. He counseled a wait until Logan should arrive with reinforcements; or, as an alternative, suggested a division of the forces of the Kentuckians, one of which should attack the savages in the rear. Then came McGarry, headlong, foolish McGarry, who rode into the stream and called on "all who were not cowards" to follow him. Boone was not a coward, nor was any there a coward, but there were many there who did not know the difference between bravery and foolishness. Every man rode over the stream, following this hot-head, among them the cool-headed veteran, Daniel Boone, whose advice had been disregarded. Then came the horrible slaughter which Boone had predicted, a massacre in which Boone saw his own son and scores of his relatives and friends cut down by the savages. It was Boone who saved at least a part of the day, in the wild disorderly retreat which followed. After that time no one doubted either the valor or the wisdom of Daniel Boone.

It was a terrible tax, this which was laid upon the "unwavering fortitude" of Daniel Boone. In the first family migration in numbers from the Yadkin settlements into Kentucky, Boone lost many of his friends and saw a son killed. Yet he still pressed on. He lost a son at the Blue Licks, and a brother, Squire Boone, at another salt lick fight. Danger, discouragements, and disappointments met him through all his life. He was always a trusted man, always a reliable man, yet not what we would call a lucky man. When the Governor of Virginia sent him and Michael Steiner, or Stoner, to discover some lost surveyors who were wandering in the wilderness down the Ohio River, it was no trouble for him to cross the pathless forest and to bring back these adventurers to the settlements. When Governor Henderson asked him to survey the "Wilderness Road," Boone did so readily, though he established the primitive trail at the cost of the lives of some of his party, four of whom were killed and five wounded. Bloodshed, wounds, and death were things common in his life. He took them doggedly. Yet, whenever he came to matters outside his particular sphere of frontiering, Boone was an unlucky man. Chosen as a messenger to carry some thou-

sands of dollars belonging to his friends eastward across the Appalachians in payment for some lands, he was so unfortunate as to be robbed of this money. It took him all his life to repay it. Later in life, after the conquest of Kentucky was established, he settled himself down to the enjoyment of what he thought was to be the reward of his old age. Not so kind was fortune to be with him. He found that the broad acres which he fancied to be his own were claimed by many others under the loose squatter titles. Daniel Boone, bold warrior, clear-headed general, ready-handed friend, alike the pioneer and the protector of the west-bound frontiersmen, found himself engaged in troublesome lawsuits at the bar of these newly established courts of that Kentucky whose father he had been. Then his heart broke. He made no open complaint, expressed no bitterness of soul, but quietly once more took his good wife by the hand, and set his face away from that Kentucky which had always been so dear to him. For a time, we know, he hunted in the Kanawha country, but he was discontented and unhappy, since he found the game gone and the farms now coming out into the forests. Then he gave it up, abandoned Kentucky, journeyed down the Ohio, crossed the Father of Waters, and, as though hearkening to the voice of a West far away, bent his old and faltering footsteps onward with the sun.



"Caught the blow on his rifle and killed the Indian with his hunting knife."

When Boone crossed the Mississippi River he paused not far from the spot where the great City of St. Louis is located to-day. This country was then the property of Spain, and it was the Spanish governor who gave to Boone the title of syndic or commandant a station of about the importance of the American Justice of the Peace. As a settler he was entitled under the existing law of that government to ten thousand acres of land, but Boone was ignorant ever of the technicalities of that law which he had always forerun. He supposed that his office as commandant excused him of the necessity of improving his tract of land. Once more, late in his life, he found himself in the law courts. At length, when he was very, very old, the good United States government, having now taken over this country from Spain, graciously accorded to the pioneer of Kentucky about one tenth of that land to which by every right in the world he was entitled. It was then too late to make very much difference to Daniel Boone. His hair was snowy white, and the fire of his blue eye was beginning somewhat to fade.

In the latter years of his life, when Boone lived in what is now known as Missouri, he kept up the pastimes and occupations which had in his earlier years been dear to him. He was always, young or old, a master of the rifle, and even in the last years of his life his sport of barking squirrels was one which he carried on successfully and to his own great enjoyment. He found deer and turkey not far from him, and to the last years of his life kept up his roaming hunting expeditions in the wilderness beyond his own home. It is said that once he crossed Missouri and reached a point opposite the mouth of the Kaw, whence he looked with longing eyes upon those younger adventurers pressing out into a West of which he wot not.* Simple, gentle, kindly of habit, he was known in all the country round about his last residence as Grandfather Boone. None ever saw him out of temper even in those days, past four score, when querulousness is the common lot of age. He did not bemoan the opportunities which he

* One historian says Boone ascended the Missouri as far as the mouth of the Yellowstone, but remained only a brief time. I cannot discover full confirmatory details regarding this incident in his life.

had lost, accused no man of treachery, bewailed none of the ill-fortune which had at times beset him. For death he was long prepared. His coffin he kept under his bed, and it was his custom in his last years to take with him a negro servant to whom he gave instructions that, should he perish in the wilderness far from home, his body should be removed and properly interred in the settlements. Some say this servant was an Indian friend, of a tribe which Boone once had fought in his Kentucky days.

In all things we discover the character of Daniel Boone to have been one of great courage, one also of simplicity, honor, truthfulness, and steadfastness. He was a simple minded man, yet not ignorant. None found motive for jesting at him or trifling with him. He had a big, clear, ready, and far-sighted brain. He was brave, so brave that he did not know he was brave. His presence was that of great natural dignity. Sincerity, straightforwardness, steadfastness—in short, an "unwavering fortitude"—made his dominating characteristics. He was a man farthest of all things from braggadocio or wide-speaking. A compliment from Boone was a rare and valued thing. One incident will serve for this. One morning Simon Kenton, a dear friend of Boone, himself a historical western character, and at that time a resident of the Boonsborough stockade, was leaving the fort with two companions, when he and his friends were fired upon by Indians. They fled back to the stockade, but when within seventy yards of the gate an Indian overtook and killed one of them by a blow of his tomahawk. He was about to scalp his victim when Kenton shot him down, and then with his companions drove the remaining savages back into the forest. Hearing the firing, Daniel Boone with ten others came running from the stockade to their assistance. As they advanced Kenton discovered another Indian upon the point of firing, and quickly shot him down in turn. By this time Boone had come up, but the party was by no means safe. The first attacking party had been but a portion of a large band, which now rushed in between them and the gate of the stockade. The Kentuckians discharged their rifles and then, clubbing them, dashed for the gate. A bullet broke Boone's leg and he dropped some paces in front of the gate. An Indian sprang forward with uplifted tomahawk and would have killed him, had not the ready rifle of Kenton once more spoken. Kenton then seized Boone in his strong arms, and, lifting him to his shoulder, carried him within the gate. After they had beaten back the war party, Boone, lying on his couch, sent for Kenton. This is what he said: "Well, Simon, you have behaved like a man to-day. Indeed, you are a fine fellow." "This simple eulogium," says one historian, "touched the heart of Kenton." At least it closed the incident.

The time of Boone, as we may see, overlaps that of Crockett and Carson and Houston, other great frontiersmen. He died in his Missouri home September 26, 1820, passing away calmly, peacefully, and like a man. And then there fell upon his memory that cruel ingratitude, that childlike forgetfulness which America has at times shown some of its greatest men. For a quarter of a century Daniel Boone was forgotten. Twenty-five years after his death the legislature of Kentucky, spurred we may suppose by the speech of some thinking man, some man who knew the history of his country, wakened to a partial sense of the real greatness of Daniel Boone, to some realization of the debt of gratitude under which he had placed the commonwealth of Kentucky. By virtue of a special enactment of the legislature the bodies of Boone and his faithful wife were removed from Missouri eastward across the Mississippi River, and laid at rest in the cemetery at Frankfort, close to the original stockade of Boonsborough, where, supported by an "unwavering fortitude," flew the steadfast flag of the west-bound. The coffins of these two old people came garlanded with flowers, heralded with music, surrounded with tardy honors. They were laid away on the 15th of September, 1845. There were effusive speeches in abundance, perhaps some tears, let us hope some reading of the records of the population of the early Trans-Appalachian province. Thus at last this Father of the Frontier, this man of "unwavering fortitude," came home to sleep upon the soil which was of right his own.

A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS ON OCEAN TRAVEL

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and King Edward, whose present occupations confine them to a great deal of desk work in their respective countries, and who do really very little transatlantic traveling, have been outspoken in their regard for the Italian wizard, Mr. Marconi, and his wonderful and quite ununderstandable air waves. But there are many men who do not welcome Marconi and his transmitter with undisguised delight. Of course the "system" has come to stay, and no doubt every whaling boat and Cape Cod fishing smack will soon be catching any stray air waves that happen to be passing, and their captains and crews will be *au courant* with the latest rise in preferred steel and will know exactly what position President Castro occupied the previous morning.

And so to Mr. Marconi's door we must lay the taking away of those "seven days of complete rest" that the transatlantic traveler of only yesterday loved so much and which did such good service in preserving the health of the American business man. In the good old days we leaned over the rail and watched the last hawser splash into the water as it fell from the pier head, and as it was pulled on board we knew that the last link which bound us to our native land had been severed, and we were generally very glad of it. As the ship moved slowly out to mid-stream and the faces of our beloved ones on the dock became a blurred mass, we used to sink into our steamer chairs with a feeling of perfect peace and of enforced inaction which, thanks to Mr. Marconi, we may never know again. We really always liked Aunt Maria and we hated to see her features and waving American flag fade into that confused mass on the end of the pier, but after all, it was a change: but now before we are well out of the Narrows we will get a Marconi informing us that she reached her Harlem home in safety and misses us quite as much as she said she would. Those seven days of rest will never come again to the brain-fagged broker, for the ticker will pursue him with its news-racking quotations. The absconder will never know those last seven days of grace when he could hold his head up among his fellow passengers. Now he will probably be put in irons before he reaches Fire Island.

The gentleman with gambling propensities will no longer have to confine himself to hat pools on the day's run, or to a modest game of poker in the smoking-room. Now he can get all the results from the Metropolitan race-tracks, and can spend his evenings figuring out winners from the entries for the morrow. There will probably be a poolroom on every boat—except when Mr. Jerome happens to be crossing — and no doubt a tipster's bureau will be established.

For many reasons this does not seem to be the moment for an article on ocean travel. It is too early to tell just how much difference Marconi is going to make in changing the delights of our voyage, and it is surely not yet the time to speak of the "happy days" when he never existed. However, there are perhaps some remarks to be made and hints to be given which will hold good for all time, because they are based on that unchangeable quality, human nature.

It is not my intention to discuss the rights or wrongs of the tipping question, but I should like to say in the first place that the men or women who have well-grounded objections to the custom and propose to carry their ideas into practise should not attempt to travel abroad for pleasure. The traveler making his initial ocean trip usually first descends to the main saloon to see how many baskets of flowers and cases of champagne his good friends at home have sent to cheer him on his way. He finds the saloon a bower of flowers and smelling like a funeral; and the champagne is there too, but on a close scrutiny of the attached cards it invariably develops that they all seem to be for the same individual—usually a celebrity of the operatic stage. Then, with just a dash of sentiment for the anarchist who does not believe that there is a proper division of things these days, he descends the main gangway to the steward, who has charge of the letters and telegrams, and the lack of offerings from his friends and relatives is compromised by one wire—usually from his wife. Then if he is wise he will look for the deck steward, secure a steamer chair, and find a good sunny location for it. Although the steward is a seafaring man and his life is spent under the great blue canopy, he is really at heart not unlike the usher in a continuous vaudeville theater. The regular tariff for a seat is half-a-dollar, but another fifty cents makes a wonderful difference in the location. As most of the voyage is usually spent in this chair, the price is after all not exorbitant. The next important arrangement is the seat one is to occupy in the dining saloon. Of course if the weather is bad and the traveler does not happen to be a good sailor, his place at the table becomes a mockery. There are three choice tables, and they occupy about the same position to the passengers as the three most prominent senior secret societies do to the Yale students. The "Skull and Bones" table of the three, if I may so express it, is of course presided over by the captain. At the other two, the purser and doctor are supposed to do the honors. The thirty guests who sit at these three tables are naturally the envied of the *hoi-polloi* who sit at tables where there is no official head. Personally the honor has always seemed to me but an empty one. Bribery will not secure one of these coveted places—a letter to the captain, or a hint to the purser from the manager of the line, is usually the pass-key. I have found that the celebrity, either in art or drama or

literature or society, who has been asked to sit at the captain's right hand, and is a person one would really like to know at close proximity, is invariably a bad sailor and never leaves his stateroom. The other guests at the captain's table are usually composed of an American official on his way to a foreign post and several fine types of the elderly American business man, who ships things by freight and whose good will is therefore useful to the stockholders of the line. The American business magnate is a fine specimen, but he is at his worst on an ocean liner. He has spent so much of his time in front of a roller-top desk that he is not very well up on travel, and his entire conversation is devoted to telling you how much he hates to leave his own country and asking the captain just how many hours he spent on the bridge the night previous. In addition to this the captain cannot complain about the food on his own boat, and so takes what is given to him instead of ordering specially cooked dishes. He is always very badly paid considering his responsibility and cannot afford to drink anything but water; and the rich men would not be rich if they had formed champagne habits in their youth, and so conversation is seldom interrupted at this table by laughter or the popping of corks.

The amount of attention which is showered on the captain of an ocean liner, however well meant, is out of place and usually undesired. In the first place he is accountable for the lives of a great many hundreds of people. The possibility of disaster from many causes is always imminent, and his responsibility lasts every minute from the time he drops one pilot until he picks up another on the other side of the Atlantic. His power and his cares, so far as his ship and its people go, are just as great as are those of President Roosevelt at the present moment. The average American citizen does not stop the President of the United States, when he is out for a walk, to ask him how many hours he worked the night before and how many whales he will probably see during the afternoon, and yet this is the general position taken toward the executive officer of a great ship by nine tenths of the passenger list. If the captain gets thrown out of his bunk and acquires a scalp wound, he does not care for an embossed letter of congratulation for his deliverance from the lady passengers. He would probably prefer a box of cigars, or—what is more likely—to be left alone with his split head and his other troubles.

With the purser it is a different matter. His is what might be called a "fancy job," and to the casual observer he wears just as much gold lace as his superior officer. It is part of his duty to wear white yachting shoes and make everybody, however seasick, think they are having the very best time of their lives. The purser's cabin is usually filled with signed photographs of popular soubrettes who have crossed with him, and if he is an ideal purser there should be a rumor abroad that he is a very devil of a fellow. Managements of various steamship lines have seriously considered doing away with the purser as a necessary asset altogether, and in fact he is about the last relic of the fourteen-day voyage, when it was necessary to create some diversion for the passengers. His position was not unlike that of the ballroom director at one of our southern springs. He was supposed to create amusements and to bring the passengers into less formal relations. Now that is all changed, and few people seem to have the time or the inclination to make new acquaintances in crossing from New York to Southampton or Liverpool. Most of the men who travel at all now regard the voyage

to London with the same indifference with which they take the ferry to Staten Island. They no longer expect souvenirs from their friends at parting, and they usually come home empty handed.

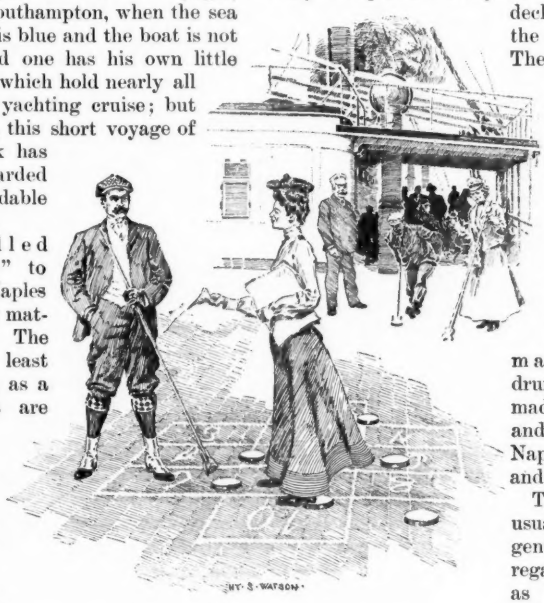
The day was not very long ago when the wardrobe necessary for crossing over to England was discussed with as great earnestness as the preparation of a trousseau. Now with a couple of business suits, a heavy coat, a soft hat, and a steamer-trunk full of linen, the regular traveler is ready for the voyage. There is always one man who wears his evening clothes at dinner, and the curious thing about him is that he always looks as if he had never worn them before. But there is usually only one of this type, just as there is one of the man who appears on deck the last day out with a silk hat. I remember a lady appearing on one occasion at dinner in a velvet *décolletée* dress, and I believe the correspondent, Miss Nellie Bly, went around the world with only a small hand-satchel. A compromise between the two, including a golf cape, I should think, would be suitable for a woman's outfit.

There are many people who believe that a seven days' voyage is seven days out of their lives; there are others who regard it as a vacation from toil, and there are still many others left who look upon it with the same eager enthusiasm as they do a round trip over the chute-the-chutes. To the first two classes the voyage holds but two events —going up the gang plank at New York and coming down it at Southampton. But to the young lady whose aquatic experience has been heretofore confined to the placid waters of Asbury Park Lake, the real moment arrives when the morning breaks on the day of the concert. With little conception what the entertainment is for or about, she sallies forth armed with a bundle of programmes and a well-formed plan to have "social doings" with every man on the boat and to make twice as much money for the widows and orphans as the blonde friend who is even then working the other side of the ship. She has all the tricks of the amateur saleslady at a church festival, and she regards her mission as entitling her to admission to the smoking-room or any other place that is not locked. Tracy, the bandit, in his palmiest days, was shy compared to the programme girl on an ocean liner. The object of the concert is never very well developed in anybody's mind—not even in that of the speaker who tells us all about it at the concert itself. The programme girl says it is to get more money than the same ship made at the concert on the last crossing, but I could personally never see what we had against the ship's recent passengers to cause us to wipe out the memory of their charity. But the concert in one way is a good thing—it pleases the programme girl and the performers.

The concert begins with a long speech by a gentleman, who is generally one of our consuls in very foreign parts and hence has a frock coat. He makes us all feel happy by telling us about "the perils of the deep" and the noble sailors who freeze aloft and the stokers who perspire below and the gallant captain who never leaves his bridge, although the very man is sitting there before us and grinning like a Cheshire cat. Then the chairman apologizes for the two or three professionals who are on board and refuse to sing, and the concert proper begins. There is always a cut-up from Painted Post, Iowa, or a similar metropolis, who sings a coster song, and an English officer who has spent the last twenty years of his life in the East India service, who obliges with a coon song. Then there are several pretty American girls who have studied abroad and whose "methods" do not seem to fit their vocal qualifications, and a professional parlor entertainer who recites "The Chariot Race from Ben Hur" and something about "A Brook" or "The Stream" in which she imitates water hurrying over pebbles. This musical orgie is followed by a collection and "God Save the Queen," led by the East India officer, and "The Star Spangled Banner," by the one or two passengers who happen to know it.

There are many types which every ocean voyage develops almost as distinct and conspicuous as the programme girl. There is "the lady who hasn't missed a meal at table," and who is naturally the pride of her friends and the envy of her fellow travelers who have their meals served cold on deck, or tea and toast in their staterooms. She usually wears a very short skirt and walks the deck all day with a manly stride and a full consciousness of the fact that she has a constitution which only Mary McLane could describe. Then there is the man with the marine glasses who is forever scanning the horizon for passing ships and plays a sort of Sister Anne part in announcing what is doing beyond the naked eye limit of

gaze of the crowd that surrounds him. He is constantly seeing spouting whales and icebergs, and he is wise and can tell just what steamer is passing by the number of her smoke stacks. There is, too, the mechanical genius who is always getting up parties to go down and look at the machinery, and the sporting man who proposes the betting pools and then forms a syndicate to win them. Those who believe the Grand Tour begins with the night they spent at the Brevort House before sailing will enjoy these new types just as they will enjoy the concert and the shuffle board and the darkened corners of the deck on moonlight nights. There are voyages, even to-day, to Southampton, when the sea is calm and sky is blue and the boat is not over-crowded and one has his own little party about him, which hold nearly all the delights of a yachting cruise; but for the most part, this short voyage of less than a week has come to be regarded only as an unavoidable means to an end.



The so-called "Southern route" to Gibraltar and Naples is a very different matter altogether. The trip takes at least twelve days, and, as a rule, the boats are much smaller, and the traveler is of necessity brought into closer contact with his fellow passengers. Every one on board seems to be out for a good time, and the bustling business man with his Yankee schemes, who is so prevalent on the quick trip to England, has no place on these southern bound ships. Most of the passengers are going abroad to learn something which the art and beauty of Rome or Florence can teach them: and as they are going usually for a long stay, no one is in a hurry, and no one cares even if the engines are given an occasional rest. There are usually several large parties of young girls, just from school, who are going abroad for a finishing season before they make their bow to society, and they seem to give the keynote to the voyage. They are charmingly ignorant of everything, and make many acquaintances and play games and enter generally into the social life of the boat with an abandon which causes delight to every one except the good ladies who have them in charge. If the weather is warm, and it generally is warm, there is a dance on deck one night, and the girl passengers put on their best frocks and probably enjoy it more than, five years later, they will believe they ever enjoyed anything. As a rule, there are very few men on these voyages, and so there is not so much life in the smoking-room; but every one spends the days and evenings on deck, even when the band plays. The captain gives a dinner, usually the last night out; it is a fine affair, in a simple way, and, as by that time every one knows every one else, there are many toasts drunk, and plans made for dinners and parties in Naples and Rome and Venice.

The captain is usually a genial gentleman who regards himself as host as well as the ship's master, and invites nearly every one in turn up on the bridge (weather permitting), and gives the girls and the little children hat ribbons with the name of the ship on them in gold letters. The sunshine and the possibilities of the coming days in Italy seem to inspire a general atmosphere of sociability, which is shared not only by the officers, but one gets on terms of real friendship with even the stewards. My steward on my last trip was a source of never ending delight, and I finally found myself looking for him as I would for an actor who plays many parts in a pantomime. He made up my room, published the daily paper on

board, served tea on deck, and attended to the bath-rooms, and I finally found him playing the drum and cymbals in the band. Germany certainly needs a few men like Wagner and Richard Strauss to make up for her sons who play on those ship orchestras. It is a much discussed point among the managers of theatrical companies which play in very small towns, and in all which the male members must "double in brass" so that they can play in the morning street parade, whether an actor is valuable mostly for his histrionic or musical ability. I suppose the managers of these steamships meet with the same difficulty; but from the grade of music one hears, I am led to suppose they engage them principally as servants and regard their ability to play a French horn as a side issue. There is no telling when or where the band is going to play, and it seems to make no difference which way the wind is blowing: the blare of the trumpets and the beat of the drums is just as deafening. They blow for us when we come on board and again when we leave the ship at Naples and Genoa, and, bad as they are, I think we all leave them with just a little regret, for they have become part of a very pleasant fortnight of our lives.

The most difficult question of all in travel is the custom-house, and the most difficult custom-house is, of course, our own. The ways of it are quite beyond understanding. Before you land on this side, you are given a paper to sign in which you are expected to declare any dutiable articles. Then, on landing, without any regard to your statement, your baggage is searched. The search is no doubt necessary and proper—but why the declaration? In the olden days, I have heard that corruption existed and that officers have been known to take money from the hand of the generous traveler with dutiable articles; later it became necessary to lay the money loosely on the tray of the trunk, or incidentally mention to the inspector that you were stopping at a certain hotel, and if he would call the next day there would be an envelope for him. There have been strenuous times, when the most accomplished travelers have had to even pay duty. It after all, I suppose, depends on the inspector one happens to get. I have seen a man detained for hours to pay duty on one pair of stockings or a pair of gloves for his wife, and another passenger on the same steamer with trunks full of dutiable articles passed through in five minutes without paying anything.

In England it is only necessary to declare any cigars or liquors you happen to have in your baggage and not to give any tips. Even on the Continent, the delays and vexations on crossing the borders from one country to another are as nothing compared to our own custom-house. However, the prevailing idea that everybody abroad will receive a tip does not hold good as a rule among the officers of the custom-houses, and the offer of a supposed bribe may lead to very considerable difficulty. All that is necessary on the Continent is to have your keys ready and greet any remark which the customs officer may make, and which is not generally understood, with a genial smile. The only travelers I ever saw get into trouble, either in England or on the Continent, were those who lost their tempers, presumably because they tried to speak a foreign language in a manner which was quite unintelligible to any one. There is pretty sure to be in every custom-house some one who speaks English much better than the average American traveler speaks the language of the foreign country in which he happens to be. It is this belief in his linguistic ability that gets the American into most of his difficulties with the foreign custom-house officers. The only occasions on which I ever heard a foreigner laugh at an American was at Genoa, when a newly arrived passenger, instead of pointing at or saying in English what he wanted, asked the lunch-counter girl for "*deux morceaux de chickan.*" The same fatal trait came out in the case of one of our ministers who was sent abroad to represent us at a very important legation. Being of a hospitable disposition he took five of his female relations along in addition to his wife. Having arrived at the foreign port of the country to which he was accredited, he decided that his diplomatic duties had begun and that he must use the language of diplomacy rather than his good mother-tongue. And so, although he was telegraphing to an American, he wired, "*J'arriverai demain avec six femmes.*"

All of which goes to show that as our children will probably be greater travelers than is this generation, we should have them taught foreign languages; and in the meantime, when we do not happen to be good linguists ourselves, stick very closely to our English.

THE SPORTSMAN'S VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

"What wonderful things we imagine we would do if we were off on an island somewhere, where folks did n't bother so eternally! But why not consider the whole earth an island—a speck—and perform our wonders right here and now!"

Confusion Among Small Boat Corinthians

Last year the Bridgeport Yacht Club, which challenged the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club of Canada and sailed for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Small Boat Trophy, was criticised for violating traditions by (1) sending a professional not a member of the club to Canada as its official representative, and (2) by employing a professional on the crew of its boat.

I have been digging up traditions and looking over records ever since, and I find that criticism of the Bridgeport yachtsmen was on the second count unjust; that instead of violating tradition, they followed in the footsteps of the very club which donated the Cup and some of whose members were most violent in their criticisms. It is true, however, the club did violate the spirit of tradition and law, though not the letter, in electing to membership a man not identified with the club, except for the purpose of the race concerned. On that point criticism was right, and I hope hereafter the conditions will be made so as to confine trial boats, crews, etc., etc., strictly to the clubs interested; in other words I believe in provisions that insist on all boats being manned with genuine amateurs and *bona fide* club members, and not members created for the occasion as was a part of the Bridgeport Yacht Club's crew.

But as to Bridgeport having a professional on its crew, the criticism was wrong, according to precedent. The "professional" on the Bridgeport club's boat was a professional boat-builder, but that, according to the example set in other races for this Cup, does not make him a professional in a yacht racing sense. Personally, I disagree entirely with the precedent: a professional boat-builder, in my judgment, should not be eligible to a Corinthian crew. However, such is the precedent, and accordingly the Bridgeport club did not violate the letter of the law by having among its crew the professional boat-builder from Oshkosh. It did tax the spirit of the law pretty seriously, however, and the Canadians acted with extreme sportsmanship in the matter.

When a Professional Is not a Professional

Here is some ancient history I have dug up—which bears interestingly on the question of precedent. The circulars sent out by the Seawanhaka Club inviting other American clubs to take part in their trial races during the years '96, '97, '98, and '99, clearly specified that only amateurs were eligible to compete, Mr. L. D. Huntington, a professional builder of New Rochelle, sailed a boat in nearly every one of these trials. His right to do so was not questioned. Now did the Seawanhaka Club deliberately allow a well-known professional to compete in these races under conditions that clearly specified the boats must be sailed by amateurs, or is their definition of amateur such that it does not include a designer and builder as a professional? Does the Seawanhaka Yacht Club consider a builder and designer an amateur for the purposes of these contests? As they chose the *Ethelwyn* in 1895 with her outside crew, it is fair to suppose that, had Mr. Huntington been so fortunate as to win out in any of these races, he also would have been chosen. So much for the traditions established by the donors of the Cup.

The Royal St. Lawrence members have always built their own boats for these contests. They have done more than that. They have established a boat-building yard on their clubhouse grounds, owned and controlled by their own members; a complete plant in active competition with every other establishment of like kind in Canada.

Now, as the Canadian club views all its members as eligible helmsmen under the Seawanhaka Deed of Trust, and as its members are members of this boat-building con-

cern, it must follow that they too regard as Corinthian the professional boat-builder.

The Long Island Sound Association has allowed builders and designers to compete as amateurs in all its contests: the Western Associations have done the same. The Seawanhaka Club has recognized them as amateurs in all its trial races for the Cup; the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club has done likewise; hence the Bridgeport club was not violating tradition, but merely following example in allowing the professional builder of its entry to sail the boat.

But would not the interests of the game be served by a rule defining more intelligently when an amateur becomes a professional?

The Aged Horse Has His Day

Not all American running horses are being "done" by hard two-year-old campaigning, though I do not wish to be understood as indorsing the severity of the season's card made up for these youngsters. But certainly some come through the ordeal with flying colors. The feature of last year's racing was the continuously great running of the aged horses: now opens this season with a new Withers mile record of 1.38½, made by Mr. Whitney's game four-year-old mare, Gunfire, that carried off the Metropolitan Handicap on Morris Park's opening day: five-year-old Articulate goes over the same course a few days later in a half second slower time, beating Old England, the four-year-old. And the sensations at Jamaica, before Morris Park, were furnished by six-year-old Yellow Tail, and four-year-old Blackstock, that landed the Excelsior Handicap for Mr. Whitney. It appears to be the day of the maturer horse: and there are Gold Heels, Advance Guard the "iron horse," Major Daingerfield, Hermis, and McChesney (the last three all four-year-olds) to be heard from.

The season opens auspiciously for the sport, and for one of racing's most deserving sportsmen, Mr. Whitney, whom we all wish a continuance of good luck.

The House With the Open Door

Now that the Executive Committee of the U. S. Golf Association has chosen the English system of all-match play for the national championship, it is interesting to follow the movement making in England to change their system of all-match play in the open championship in favor of the American plan of a thirty-six hole qualifying round, to precede the match play. It would, indeed, be amusing should the British golfer abandon his tradition just as we have adopted it for our very own.

With no sharper geographical division than now obtains in golfing championships, I must continue to believe all-match play not so desirable for our interests as the qualifying round preliminary to match play. The Metropolitan Association has, it seems to me, decided upon the ideal system for America, *i. e.*, a medal play round of thirty-six holes, thirty-two to qualify, followed by match play at eighteen holes, until the final, which is at thirty-six holes. Yet it is a strange state of inharmony that results in there being one system for the national championship and another for the next most important tournament of the year.

The Metropolitan will be more than usually interesting this year in providing, on neutral ground, another meeting between Mr. Travis and Mr. Reinhart, who beat him at Garden City earlier in the season. Princeton, in Messrs. Reinhart and James, the amateur champion, holds the star of hope for native golf.

Burroughs-Seton-Long

So many letters have come to me asking why I do not comment on the Burroughs-Seton-Long controversy, that I feel impelled to reply to the friends who have been kind enough to wish my view. I have written several paragraphs on the matter—wrote them before Mr. Burrough's article had been on sale two days—but I have not yet found the space to publish them. There is so much to be discussed each month, that when it comes to making up the magazine, and filling the allotted pages of the "View-Point," those matters which may stand over must give way for those which cannot; and so it has been for two issues: but in the next one I promise the requested paragraphs.

Darwinism and the Automobile

Before this number of OUTING reaches the public eye, Governor Odell will, no doubt, have vetoed that Bailey bill, which was destined to drive self-respecting people off the road and do serious harm to the automobile industry.

I suppose the majority of us feel that, intellectually, at least, man has just about reached his zenith: and it is only when cer-

tain types of him are brought face to face with a new condition that we realize the incompleteness of the evolution of the *genus homo* generally. Thus does the latest of modern wonders, the automobile, add another link to Darwin's chain of evidence. I wonder what will happen when state legislators come to pass rules for the flying machine—reversion to prototype, eh?

The assumption by legislators that every owner of a motor car is a reckless, destructive, and inconsiderate person, suggests both ignorance and prejudice. The idea that all automobilists have a predisposition to usurp the highways and break the law, is absurd as it is unjust. This kind is, of course, represented among automobilists as among every other class on earth, and for these the laws must be adequate. But it is time legislators considered the automobile as a fixture in this progressive world, and adapted themselves to its place and its rights; just as they accommodated themselves to the steamboat, locomotive, bicycle. To help this educational process is the role of the enlightened legislator.

Meantime, let the farmer bear in mind that the automobile is responsible for the great progress in road improvement, which will reduce the cost of his haul, and therefore net him more money for his product.

Amateur Rowing Menaced

The hounding of Mr. Titus, the American sculler, by the New York Union Boat Club is the most outrageous to which an amateur was ever subjected. It also suggests the kind of men that are coming into boating authority. Since first he joined the club, on arrival from New Orleans, life has been made a veritable burden to the famous oarsman by the conflicting factions and petty spite of the members of this club. To say that its action has been unfair does not half express the case; it has been contemptible. Mr. Titus is an amateur in every sense of the word, and fully entitled to compete at Henley or elsewhere among sportsmen to whom the thrill of honorable contest means more than thought of material gain.

I take this occasion to warn the friends of amateur rowing in America against a thoroughly undesirable element in the boating clubs, which is seeking persistently, underhandedly, to gain control of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen of America. Last year a determined, though unsuccessful, effort was made at Worcester, in the annual meeting, to get control of the Executive Committee, and next August the attempt is to be repeated. The day which signalizes the triumph of this less intelligent, less sportsmanly element, when men of the quality of Messrs. Julius Mahr, Fred Fortmeyer, Walter Simpson, W. C. Jupp, Robert Pelton, are replaced on the Committee, will also mark the beginning of the degeneration of amateur club-rowing.

Take heed in time, you friends of amateur rowing, here on the Atlantic Coast, at Detroit, Chicago, and New Orleans, and see that the votes of your section are next August cast for the uplifting of the sport, and not for its defamation.

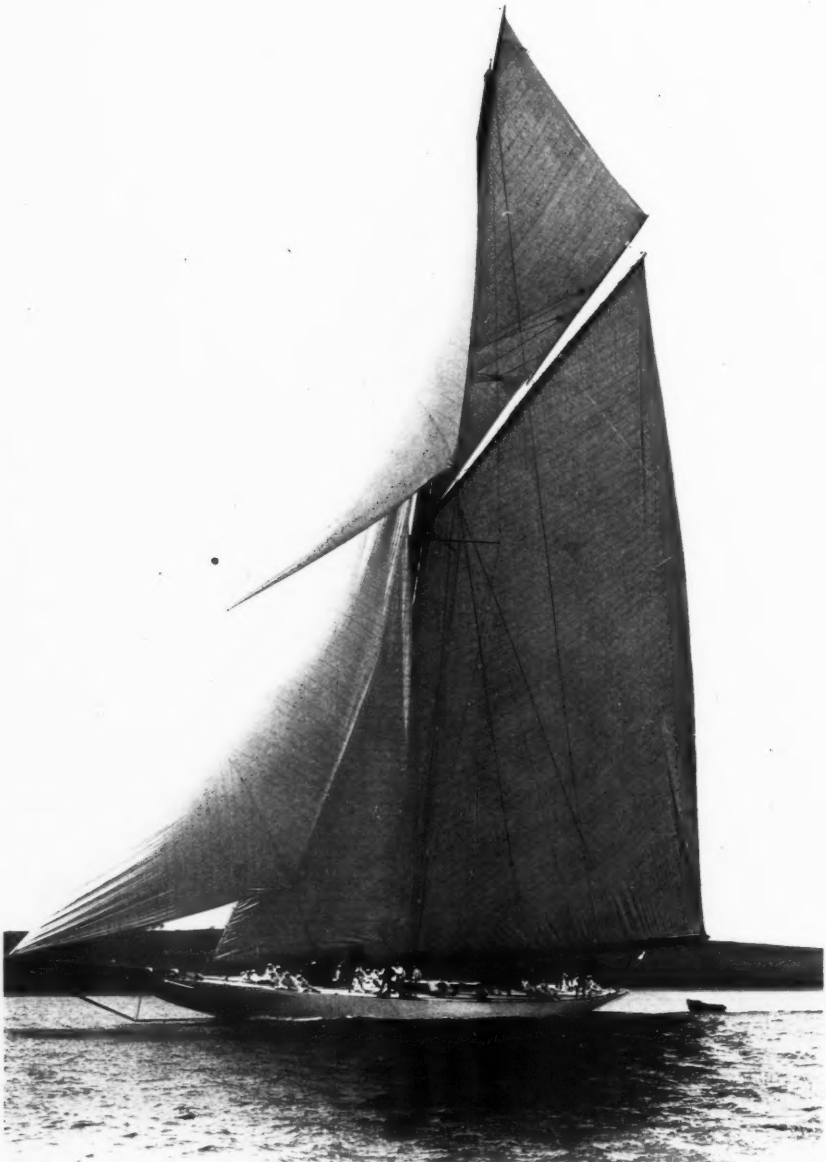
Western Bowlers Generous Victors

I am glad that the Bowling Congress had the wit to settle the loaded ball question so that each of the warring factions will feel it has not been slighted. Perhaps in another year they may have attained enough perspective to give them strength to put aside all temporizing and declare frankly against loaded balls. That in reality is what has now been done—howbeit by way of the subterfuge of restricted weight. The rule, as passed, forbids bowlers using a ball weighing more than sixteen and one half pounds. As the unloaded ball averages from fifteen to sixteen pounds, while the loaded balls hitherto have weighed so much as twenty-two pounds, it may be seen that right, not to mention common sense, prevailed at the American Bowling Congress. The western men were in majority at the Congress and could have made the weight anything they chose: that they were so moderate reflects greatly to their credit. The truth is that common sense and fairness dominate the average western man.

The Congress should now take hold of the ethical side of bowling and clean up the game; it needs a wash day—though not a public one. From that, spare us!

Dan Patch Beaten by a Technicality

That is a most unfair technicality which deprives Dan Patch from being bracketed with Star Pointer in the world's pacing record of 1.59¼. Dan Patch actually did cover the mile in 1.59¼, but because his trial was announced beforehand as an attempt to beat it, he is given the official record of 1.59½ instead of 1.59¼, the time he earned. Laws



Photograph by James Burton.

Reliance, the 1903 Candidate for the Honor of Defending the *America's* Cup. Now Engaged with *Columbia*, Twice Successful Defender, and *Constitution*, the Unsuccessful Candidate of Last Year, in a Series of Trial Races.

which permit such injustice seem in need of revision; in no other sport is a performer not given the mark he earns. But the great son of Joe Patchen will have the record before the season is over—if all goes well with him.

It is destined to be a remarkable season in both trotting and pacing. There are eight pacers in training that have done 2.02 or better; and of the trotters, a dozen have beaten 2.07. Greatest interest will no doubt center around Dan Patch's effort to capture world's figures, and in the contest between John A. McKerron and Major Delmar; for it looks as though the season's race honors would, among trotters, rest here.

English Polo on American Soil

We are indeed to have some international polo this season on American soil. That much is definitely settled, for which thanks be to Mr. William A. Hazard, a gentleman with more interest in the game than in his own exploitation; not a common species of the genus to which he belongs. Three of the invaders are already chosen—A. Rawlinson, No. 1; F. M. Freake, No. 2; W. S. Buckmaster, No. 3—and will sail about the first of August. Two of these three, Freake and Buckmaster, are the best of all-England in their respective positions; and Rawlinson is of the first class. If Mr. George Miller is persuaded to come along as captain and back, the four will probably win the majority of the about a dozen matches they will play during their six weeks here. But it is doubtful if this great No. 4 will come, and any other combination ought to lose the majority of games I should say; it is not that Mr. Miller is such a wonder as a player, but he is the best captain on the polo field, without exception.

We may depend on the English four being high class, and a *team*, whoever finally compose it. Therefore, only the utmost and united endeavors of the very best in America will stand any chance of success. That means that the lessons which Mr. John E. Cowdin so forcefully pointed out, as taught by the international matches last year in England, must be remembered. One of those lessons illuminated the value of position play, another, the training of ponies for longer periods of work. If the Americans profit by their English experience of last year—the best native team we can get together should come out of the international series with colors flying.

Meanwhile tournaments are to be held at Hurlingham and at Ranelagh for the sole purpose of playing under American rules; meantime too, matches are being played on this side under English rules. All by way of trying out the different codes with a view of possible compromise on a common set. *Fol-de-rol*—mostly, for every intelligent polo player familiar with the game on both sides of the Atlantic knows that, barring offside, the English rules are much the better.

Play or Pay

Every rule has been thought out and is full of meaning, and their ten-minute periods of play with no rest between are most commendable. The English game and the English player are more workmanlike than ours; there is no talking; they play the game. Thus a match under English rules is over in one and half hours; under American it frequently consumes three hours.

The English offside rule is confessedly bad; a number of the best players on the other side are in favor of its abandonment—but Englishmen are constitutionally so slow to change that revision of this obnoxious rule is by no means assured. Naturally they must feel, too, the wastefulness of time and effort in trying the American rules, when their own, with the single exception of the offside, are so much the better. Really, I think them very good-natured to bother with our rules at all.

So far as America is concerned, the question could be and ought to be settled out of hand by the Polo Association adopting the English rules, offside excepted. But the Association appears to think polo sufficiently served by exalting its horn through the daily press. Meanwhile questions actually vital to the game's interest remain unanswered. There is the "freebooter" question, for example; obviously the Executive Committee either does not dare to grapple with it or does not care how much it discourages development of raw material and hinders the building of home teams.

In making this criticism I am taking the Association at its public word, so constantly given to remind us of its serious wish to prosper polo among American games. So if injustice is here done the gentlemen of the Executive Committee—at least a share of the blame is theirs for giving misleading impressions of their real sentiment.

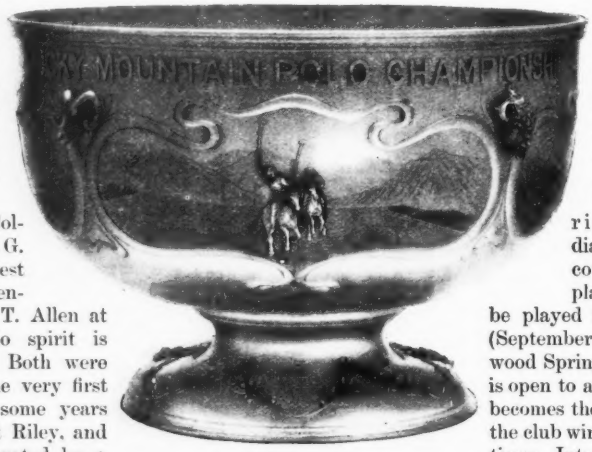
Of course, if the Association people view

polo as a gymkhana, simply a sport-giving feature of country club life and entertainment, no one will presume to question their privilege in securing the best available talent and paying the price. That is quite another matter, and one upon which I should have as little thought of commenting as upon any other purely fun-giving feature which a club or individual might choose to include in a day's entertainment. But that is not the way to prosper American polo.

It is up to the gentlemen of the Association to lay aside that horn; or to make good.

Polo in the Army

From the present outlook, if this magnificent game is really to attain prosperity in America, it will be through the army, where there is no trade patronage to insure especial dispensation. There is no "most favored nation" clause in army regulations.



The Rocky Mountain Cup.

Between Colonel Charles G. Treat at West Point and General Henry T. Allen at Manila, polo spirit is awakening. Both were active in the very first army play some years ago, at Fort Riley, and though separated by a continent each has continued sowing the seeds of the game so peculiarly interesting, not to say helpful, to army post life. As Commandant at West Point, Colonel Treat has knocked together a very fair cadet team considering the poor mounts, and from here the spirit of play has spread to other posts, though lack of equipment and absence of official recognition left the game without definite sponsors. Secretary of War Root's recent designation of polo as a legitimate army sport has, however, lifted the game onto its feet, and sent a thrill of new life throughout those posts where hitherto play has been of the desultory character. Organization is also making, the present members being Forts Riley (Kans.), Robinson (Neb.), Walla Walla (Wash.), Ethan Allen (Vt.), Sheridan (Ill.), Chickamauga (Tenn.), Logan (Col.), Meade (S. D.), Jefferson (Mo.), Reno (I. T.), and Manila (P. I.).

The usual cavalry mount is not ideal for polo, and gradually the necessary number of a better type of horses will be acquired at the various posts. West Point has already secured its quota, and the cadet team will show correspondingly better polo this season. The native cavalry horse of the Philipines is indeed a pony and one of stamina.

Another direction in which polo has hope of thriving is in the middle Rocky Mountain district, especially in Colorado, where by way of stimulating interest Mr. W. B. Devereux has just offered the very handsome trophy here illustrated, which as emblematical of the local sections shows on its four panels the historical successions of Rocky Mountain riders — Indian, cavalry, cowboy, polo player. It is to be played for annually (September 1) at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, is open to any team, and becomes the property of the club winning it three times. Interest has naturally increased locally, there being two teams playing in Denver, and one each at Pueblo and Colorado Springs. California or St. Louis or Chicago certainly ought to make a try for this beautiful bowl.

Henley Stewards Go a-Wool Gathering

It is a pity that so estimable a body as the Henley Stewards should make themselves so ridiculous by their illogical ruling on the professional coach. It was eminently to the interest of university boating, in my judgment, to debar any crew which within four weeks of the regatta has been coached or handled or trained in any way by a professional; but Mr. Lehmann's amendment that the rule apply also to scullers, *was defeated!*

And so as it presently stands, the English rule allows the sculler to employ a professional coach, but denies the same privilege to a crew of eight, four, or two.

Was there ever anything so illogical and unfair.

Eben Jordan's Courage is Rewarded

Boston's annual horse show is always good, in fact to be precise is to say that it stands easily second to the November exhibition in New York, having exceeded in quality all other local aspirants for that honor. This year, however, it surpassed its own record and provided an unusual treat for horse lovers in the trotting stallions and hackneys shown by Messrs. J. Malcolm Forbes, T. W. Lawson, and Eben D. Jordan. In these two classes alone, Boston excelled anything to have been shown within a year, either in Boston or out of it. Mr. Forbes' smooth-going stallion Bingen was deservedly awarded the championship, yet Mr. Lawson's Dare Devil, Ponce de Leon, and Dreamer are a grand trio, and the first got the reserve ribbon.

But Mr. Jordan's success was even more pronounced, for his marked one of the most notable hackney victories in harness classes that has come recently under my eye: that championship ribbon must have been truly gratifying to the Plymouth stud owner, who has so persistently upheld the courage of his conviction by faithfulness to type.

Mr. Lawson showed some exceptionally good draught horses, and altogether it was a remarkable show.

Strange Microbe at Annapolis

A politician appears to have come into the athletic field at Annapolis; which is a pity, for hitherto he has been an alien. The happiest occasions of the sporting year are the contests in which the teams of these two academies, so interesting to the nation, meet, without preliminary jockeying, without discussions as to individual eligibility, without argument over rules. In a word—the teams from the Naval and the Military Academies have met as gentlemen should, confident in the honor and sportmanship of each other.

And now comes a rank outsider, reared beyond the influences of Army and Navy tradition, to poison the under-classman mind with the detestible microbe that makes for the professional spirit! Under this baneful tutelage, Annapolis demands of West Point that the eligibility rule of Harvard and Yale be adopted for the teams of the national academies.

There is no objection to the Harvard-Yale rule *per se;* it is an excellent one for the existing conditions of university sport—but at either West Point or Annapolis it would be presumptuous, and intolerable violation of the spirit which has always ruled the cadets and their officers. The *esprit de corps;* the spirit of the Army and Navy of the United States of America: the spirit of fair play and a fight to the finish—which holds in contempt rule-making born of the professional mind looking for short cuts to victory.

Any man who is eligible to cadetship at either academy is eligible for its teams: that is the only rule; it stands for honor and sportmanship of Army and Navy equally.

That Annapolis should suggest any other is by no means to its credit.

New York Moves Up A Peg

Governor Odell's signature to Senator Brown's victorious bill prohibiting spring duck shooting puts New York in line with the more progressive Western States, and crowns a winter of protective game legislation such as Albany has never witnessed. In not vetoing the bill, Odell reversed the attitude he has steadfastly maintained hitherto, and made partial amends for some of his other less commendable official acts.

But the gratitude of New York citizens is due Senators E. R. Brown and W. W. Armstrong; Speaker Nixon, of the Assembly; Leaders Rogers and Palmer, and Chairman Allston: and to the Legislative Committee of the Fish, Game, and Forest League —Messrs. C. H. Mowry, W. S. Gavitt, R. P. Grant, F. C. Eddy—especially the last gentleman, who bore the brunt of the League's battle.

Mr. Eddy writes me that the revisions in the woodcock and grouse bill, to which I took exception, were not made by Senator Armstrong, but by the League Committee, by way of conciliating opposition. As a first step on the part of the State in prohibiting the sale of game, the measure, even in its present condition, is an undoubted success. From that point of view criticism is perhaps unwarranted and unkind. But I seriously doubt its value in affording practical protection to the birds, so long as a loophole is left for the cold storage people.

Perhaps next year we can marshal enough strength to stop the hole: meantime, the gentlemen who labored in the good cause at Albany are certainly entitled to our grateful appreciation.

College Sport Outlook

If Harvard agrees, the Oxford-Cambridge-Harvard-Yale dual track meet will be a published certainty days before what I am writing appears on the newsstands. It will be a pity if anything interferes, for America's chances of victory are much better than they have been for some time.

I hope the agitation making over southern trips, preliminary to the college baseball season, will be continued until it results in abandonment of the custom. Every year has shown it to be an expensive habit which brings no return at all commensurate with either the pecuniary or the physical outlay. But as the player pays the piper, it is a question for him to decide.

The baseball season opened with an excellent quality of the real article; one does not often see poor ball these days. Even the small institutions show good class games: true particularly of the West. Baseball not yet has yielded way to football as the national game.

Brown, Yale, and Pennsylvania have been playing the best ball up to this writing (May 10), Brown having beaten Yale 5–3, and Princeton 2–0; while Yale has defeated Pennsylvania twice, 2–1 and 5–2. Pennsylvania won from Princeton, 7–3, in a twelve inning game. Princeton is least steady of the larger college nines, and is not up to its usual batting standard. Brown is showing the greatest all-round strength. Yale is very fast on the bases, strong in the box, and beginning to bat. Pennsylvania has a likely combination, and so has Cornell, which beat Princeton 10–3. That reported weakness in Cornell's box has not yet materialized. Harvard has a very promising fast fielding nine, of great strength in the box: the defeat of Georgetown, 3–0, suggests its possibilities. Columbia, Lafayette, Michigan, and Illinois are all doing especially well.

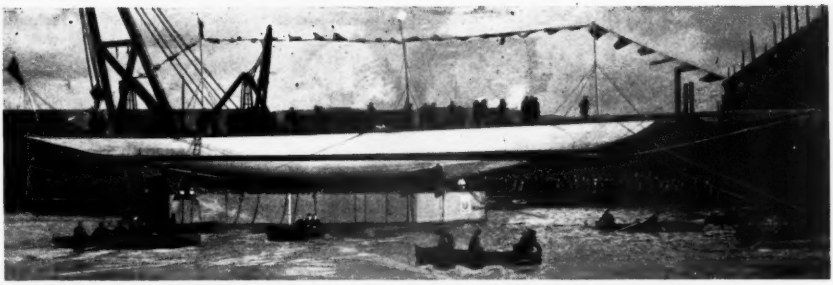
As the track season advances, Yale, Pennsylvania, and Cornell show more development than others of the Intercollegiate Association, Yale's progress especially threatening Harvard's chances for first in both the dual and the Intercollegiate meetings; in which latter, Pennsylvania and Cornell ought to considerably improve on last year's record. Princeton will probably not do so well as in 1902.

The New York Interscholastic meet developed in L. T. Sheffield, Jr., a schoolboy athlete of notable all-round ability, who won the 100 yards in 10⅘, the 220 in 22⅘, the broad jump with 20 feet 6¾ inches, the high with 5 feet 6¾ inches, and the pole vault at 9 feet 3 inches; twenty-five points, all told, for his victorious school, Berkeley.

Yale's rowing prospects continue to brighten, while Harvard's seem just now to have darkened. The crew at Cambridge does not appear to have advanced, as was to be expected with so considerable a number of men rowing. Still, the race is several weeks distant. The Harvard 'Varsity really ought to develop into a fast eight. Cornell is going along as usual, which means very well, and Pennsylvania will make a closer race with Cornell than at first appeared likely. Columbia is about as usual, though the material is better, and a faster eight than for several years is expected. At the early date of my writing it is impossible to get more than the merest inkling of what the college crews are likely to develop into.

That was a sportsmanly act of Annapolis in refusing to accept victory over Pennsylvania's swamped crew. There you have the spirit of the amateur: sport for the sake of the thrill given by fair and honorable contest. The two-mile race with Yale's second crew was lost by three lengths in 10 minutes 43 seconds, but Annapolis has the satisfaction of having pushed their victors to the best time yet made over the Severn course. That's a feather in Yale's cap, too.

The Football Rules Committee has as yet given no published result of its several meetings, but I am confident that good judgment will prevail in its council and the needs of the game be provided for.



Shamrock III. in the Launching Pontoons at Dumbarton, March 17, 1903.

THE EARLY SHOWING OF THE THIRD SHAMROCK

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

"YOU could not say I went into this hazard of challenging for the *America's* Cup on a hasty impulse," said Sir Thomas Lipton to me a few weeks ago. "It was the dream of my heart for years before I took the steps which led to the first of my three challenges. As far back as the year the *Thistle* went out I thought what a grand thing it would be if Ireland could be represented by a challenger, as Scotland is, and it was there the idea began to grow of challenging with a boat to represent Ireland, and be called for Ireland's national emblem, as *Thistle* was for Scotland's. I wrote at the time to a prominent Irish yachtsman, seeking information about Irish designers and Irish builders. Nothing came of it then, but the idea remained in my mind and heart, and the three *Shamrocks* were the result."

Two of the *Shamrocks*, the first and third, were swinging to their anchors in Gourock Bay, on the Clyde, as their owner, over his after-dinner coffee aboard the *Erin*, took me back with him along the road he had traveled on the great quest for which England had supplied him the means, Scotland the brains, and Ireland the sentiment.

When the shed covering *Shamrock III.* was thrown open for the boat's launching on the morning of the 17th of March, and the work of William Fife and the clever builders of the Leven side stood naked, she looked the finest cutter I had ever seen.

The yacht took the water in the first burst of sunshine that had bathed the brow of old Dumbarton Rock and the shipyard at its base in many a lowering day. "Lipton luck," said some one. "An omen of success," said another.

At the luncheon after the launch the Earl of Shaftesbury, commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, under the colors of which Lipton sails, pointed out an augury to soothsayers in the fact that the launching took place on the third day of the third week of the third month of the third year of the new century. Sir Thomas Lipton in his speech said that as no *Shamrock* was perfect without three leaves, he now felt he had a perfect *Shamrock*. With the "wee bit of luck" he felt was her due, his hope was high.

But the signs and omens of *Shamrock's* launching were not sufficiently potent to guard her from accident. A month to a day after the launching she lay dismantled in Weymouth Bay. Her rig was a tangled mass alongside. Her mast had gone just above the deck. Several of her men were injured, her owner had been pitched down the main companionway head foremost, and a steward had been hurled overboard and drowned. Sir Thomas with tears in his eyes said: "I can stand the loss of the rig, but that poor fellow! This is the first life that has been lost in my service—and the poor chap leaves a wife and child! I'd give the yacht sooner than lose a man."

Then, after a bit, "Telegraph for Fife. We must get in an order for a new mast. We will be at the line on time in August. Fife will start things going without delay."

Here was the keynote of the third quest of

Sir Thomas Lipton for the Cup—the man of sentiment leaning on the man of action. To Sir Thomas Lipton, Fife is a tower of strength, and in the present challenger he has produced his masterpiece, the finest cutter ever built in Britain. To be sure she no more fulfills her owner's dream of an Irish yacht than her two predecessors did, for Fife, the man of the hour in British yacht designing, is a Scotchman, a son of the Clyde. It is believed by some that Mr. George L. Watson, with *Shamrock II.*, proved himself a better designer than Mr. Fife, judging Fife's abilities by *Shamrock I.* I cannot agree with this view. With all due respect to Mr. Watson's many and varied abilities in the field of designing, we can enter *Shamrock II.* on the page of events in yachting only as a glorified failure. She failed in design and in construction, as well as in the niceties of rig that sometimes make the difference between victory and defeat. The reason for this may be found, perhaps, in the fact that Mr. Watson divides his energies between sailing and steam craft. He has designed several fast racing cutters, including the famous *Britannia*, but his heart and soul have never been completely surrendered to the song of the sail. With Mr. Fife we find a designer with a sailor's heart.

With *Shamrock III.* Fife has pledged Sir Thomas Lipton to stand or fall on national lines. In her design the boat is distinctly British. The heresy of the scow has been cast aside. In her construction the fetish of bronze has been forgotten. Built of steel, in a most substantial manner, the yacht is a sturdier craft than has gone out from the Clyde in a decade. If she wins, it will be said that a good form is not dependent on the skimping of weight by the use of bronze, to obtain speed. If she loses, we doubtless shall hear that she was too heavy, being built of a metal "long ago discarded in modern yacht construction," on lines that are a "recession from the accepted principles of what makes for speed in a racer," if I may quote from expressions already appearing in a patriotic press.

Shamrock III. is as normal a yacht as could be produced under the rules governing contests for the *America's* Cup. She is less machine and more ship than we are accustomed to see in these times, and for this she is entitled to the respect of all men who love the sea, whether she wins or loses. Under a rule restricting overhangs and sail area, the challenger's type would banish the scow from racing. As to the relative speed of challenger and defender, we can satisfy ourselves in only one way—by seeing them race. No one can judge the speed of one yacht as compared with another in any other way. We hear from time to time of ingenious figures that show this yacht to be faster than that, on their showing against older boats; but we never know whether or not the older boats are sailing faster or slower than when they established a racing record. Therefore the judging of a racing yacht is largely a matter of experience.

After following *Shamrock III.* a month, from the day of her launching until she was dismasted, I formed the opinion that she was faster than any Cup yacht launched up to her time. In her seven trials against *Shamrock I.*, between March 31 and April 17, the challenger proved herself decidedly faster than the older boat on all points of sailing. This was more than *Shamrock II.* did in her trials, for notwithstanding the impressions to the contrary that obtained with the public, it was known to all who followed the trials in 1901 that the old boat, then in her third year, was the faster of the two. For obvious reasons it was not well for Sir Thomas to admit this fact in advance of the races, and *Shamrock I.* was held back to give the doubtful challenger a chance. This year nothing of the kind is necessary. The challenger generally sails away from her older sister so fast that satisfactory comparisons of their relative speed can be obtained only in the first few minutes of sailing; for when they become separated, comparisons count for little.

It was early shown that the challenger's best point of sailing was to windward, in a moderate breeze, say from five to twelve knots an hour. Under such conditions she has outsailed *Shamrock I.* from 20 seconds to 30 seconds to the mile, and this is a far greater ratio of gain than any American boat ever showed over the speed of either *Shamrock I.* or *Shamrock II.* Off the wind the challenger has also proved better, but in a lesser degree. Her smallest relative gains are made on reaches, a point of sailing on which the first *Shamrock* has always been at her best.

Of the seven trials sailed up to the day of the dismasting, three were for sail-stretching purposes, in the Clyde below Gourock. The first was sailed on March 31, in a light breeze. The challenger easily sailed through the old boat's lee on one occasion, and passed her

Shamrock III. Leading *Shamrock I.* off Weymouth.

handily to windward on another. She was counted a success on these returns, and in her second trial, the next day, she amply confirmed these early good opinions, outsailing *Shamrock I.* to windward, in a stiff breeze, at the rate of 30 seconds to the mile. The third of the trials was sailed next day, and in an eight to ten-knot breeze the same ratio of gain per mile was shown to windward, though off the wind the challenger's gains were smaller.

The open waters of Weymouth Bay, on the south coast of England, being considered a better place for early sailing than the Clyde, the yachts were towed thither, and on April 8 met for their first open-water trial, sailing then for the first time over an indicated

course, it being to leeward six miles to the Shambles light-vessel, and return, three times around. The weather conditions were those in which the old boat was quite at home, a steady breeze eight to ten knots, and a hardly perceptible sea. The net result of thirty-six miles' sailing was a gain on the wind for the challenger of 28 seconds to the mile, and an average all-round gain of 14 seconds to the mile.

Captain Robert Wringe at the Wheel of *Shamrock III.*, the First British Cutter to Carry a Wheel.

In the second Weymouth trial, April 9, the challenger mended her pace off the wind beating the old boat but 6 seconds less than 10 minutes in fifteen miles of running, with spinnakers, in a good breeze. Her total gain was 17 minutes 26 seconds in thirty-eight miles sailed.

On April 11, the boats met for a formal race, the challenger granting a handicap of 10 minutes to the old boat. A bonus of seventy pounds was put up by Sir Thomas for the winning crew. The wind was stiff from the west, and the boats found working topsails ample canvas aloft. The course was a triangle affording a reach of seven miles, a beat of seven, and a reach of three, twice around. On the first round the challenger gained 5 minutes 51 seconds, chiefly to windward. In the second round her gain was but 19 seconds. It appears that Captain Wringe thought he would make things interesting by lagging a bit, to allow the old boat to make a close finish. By the hauling of the wind to southward *Shamrock I.* got a big lift, and saved her handicap handsomely, being beaten in actual time only 6 minutes 10 seconds.

The yachts met again April 14 for an informal spin, sailing ten miles to leeward without spinnakers, and beating back, the challenger's gain for the run being 1 minute 26 seconds, and on the beat home 5 minutes. The breeze was from twelve to fifteen knots.

In these four trials the yachts sailed 128 miles, and the challenger's average gain was 18 seconds a mile.

I noted throughout these early trials that *Shamrock III.* was not sailed at her best possible pace more than a few minutes at a stretch. Her mainsail sat badly, also. *Shamrock I.* was in better form, I believe, than when in America. Her spars in 1899 were wretched, buckling so much that the yacht could not be pressed. She would have been improved under Mr. Fife's personal attention, but this could not be given her, as the designer was sick in bed during the 1899 races.

The last meeting of the yachts off Weymouth was on April 17. They came out of Portland Harbor, where they had made their anchorage, shortly after ten o'clock, with club topsails aloft. The day was cold, though with bright sunshine, and there was a snap in the wind, with frequent squalls. Sir Thomas Lipton looked disturbed when he saw the boats carrying club topsails. He went aboard *Shamrock III.* after cautioning the *Erin's* surgeon, who was in a launch, to stand by in case of accident, and the challenger laid up to the wind to weather the *Erin*, for the start. When coming on the starboard tack, about a mile from Weymouth beach, and between the *Erin* and the low chalk hills of the bay's north shore, the challenger was struck

by a puff off the land that buried her lee rail deeper than I had ever seen it go before. As the yacht had gathered very little way, and as Captain Wringe was ready to bear away for the line, he held her down hard, the wind being abeam. She was less than a minute thus, when, in the drawing of a breath, the rig went over the side. The wreckage floated for a few minutes, then slowly sank, the topmast taking bottom in six fathoms. The accident was caused by the giving way of the upper eye of the forward main-shroud turnbuckle, which broke close to the neck, and straightened out. It showed no flaw, and had been tested to a much greater breaking strain than it was thought the sails could put upon it. It is possible the screw had been set up a turn or two more than the others, throwing an unequal strain on it. The mast collapsed first seven feet from the deck, again at the rail, and, on taking bottom, about fifteen feet below the hounds.

With the sailing of *Shamrock III.* fresh in mind it was with interest that I saw the defending yacht *Reliance*, as she sailed in Long Island Sound. A first impression of the boats contrasted was that Mr. Herreshoff will overcome his adversary, if at all, by sheer force and ingenuity, rather than nicety of design. *Reliance* is bigger-bodied, broader, longer, and more powerful than *Shamrock III.*, is less yacht and more machine, and she carries more sail. Her hull is shallower, her sides longer and straighter, and she has a leaner and less graceful look than the British boat. With a finer entrance, a deeper and narrower hull, and a shorter fin, *Shamrock III.*, it might appear, in a medium breeze and a bit of sea would worry *Reliance* by greater handiness and less tendency to pound. This superiority, if any, may be offset by *Reliance's* great power and straighter lines, which must make for great speed at running and reaching, especially in stiff breezes and moderate seas.

The chief dimensions of the two boats approximately are said to be: *Reliance*, overall 143 feet, beam 25 feet 8 inches, draft 19 feet 6 inches; *Shamrock III.*, overall 138 feet, beam 24 feet, draft 19 feet 6 inches. *Reliance* doubtless will concede to the challenger an allowance of at least one minute for thirty miles, as her racing length under the rules is about 106, while that of the challenger probably will be between 103 and 104.

Crew Bringing the Boom on Board *Shamrock III.* After the Accident. Captain Wringe and Sir Thomas Lipton Are Seen Forward of the Mast.

THE SAILING OF RELIANCE

By JOHN R. SPEARS

PERHAPS the most striking single feature of the new Cup challenger, *Shamrock III.*, is the breadth of the quarter-deck. Though relatively a narrow yacht the challenger carries her beam well aft, and thus is sure to show great initial stability, in spite of narrow beam. For necessarily this breadth aft will lengthen her water-line rapidly as

she heels to the wind—so rapidly, in fact, that her water-line should exceed one hundred feet with less than fifteen degrees of inclination of the mast. It is likely that she will come as near to dipping her full length into the lee brine as any yacht that has sailed for the Cup hitherto.

It is to be observed, also, that in adding thus to the power of his boat Fife has not in the least degree blunted her model. The difference between *Shamrock I.* and the new boat in this respect is remarkable. The old boat could carry nearly as much canvas as the new one, for she, too, was powerful aft, but because of the hump in her counters she dragged a wave like a towboat. *Shamrock III.*, on the contrary, has as clean a run as ever was seen on such a boat. It may be confidently asserted that the lines of the new boat abaft the midship section are easier than those forward, and this is so because she has, though of deep and narrow model, a genuine scow stern.

But, as it has happened, Herreshoff has emphasized the same feature of hull still more emphatically in *Reliance*. A saucer afloat seems to be the nearest simile for describing the stern view of the new defender. Her breadth across the quarter-deck is enormous. And because the hull is shallow as well as wide, the lines abaft the midship section are necessarily easier than those of *Shamrock III.* *Reliance* should show greater initial stability, and at the same time should develop less of what Colonel Mark Beaufoy called "minus pressure," when conducting his "Nautical Experiments." That is to say, *Reliance* should leave the water behind her more easily.

Another very interesting point for comparing the two races is at the fin. Having given *Shamrock III.* a deep hull with large displacement, Mr. Fife was obliged, of course, to hang a short fin beneath her. Having a short fin to hold it, the center of gravity of the lead is necessarily higher than it would be in a long fin. On the other hand Herreshoff, after giving *Reliance* a broad, shallow hull, was obliged to give her a long fin, lest her lateral plane prove too small. And in lengthening her fin he naturally lowered the center of gravity of the lead.

It follows necessarily that when *Shamrock III.* heels to the wind, she will roll her little fin up; she will turn like a rolling pin, and lift the keel. On the contrary, when *Reliance* heels, her great flat fin keel, with its weight of lead low down, will resist the lifting tendency; the pressure of the wind will thrust the hull farther into the water, rather than lift the fin, and thus she will lengthen her water-line more rapidly. We see now why Herreshoff gave *Reliance* a larger and very much stronger mast than *Constitution's*. It is apparent that *Shamrock III.* should prove more tender in the puffs. In fact she should spill the puffs from her sails while Charlie Barr is easing *Reliance* by with a touch of the helm alee and thus working her a notch higher into the wind.

At this writing the work of *Shamrock III.* has shown that she is decidedly superior to *Shamrock I.* in windward work and reaching, and is somewhat superior before the wind. Without any doubt she is a superb yacht of the deep-hulled model. But even those selfish old American barnacles who hope that our cousins will come often and never win, read the report of the new challenger's triumphs with increasing pleasure, because they foresee therein all the greater renown for the skimming-dish model. It is easy to tow a well-shaped log, but a nicely trimmed plank tows with less power still.

The work of our new Cup defender under sail has aroused more favorable comment than that of any of the previous defenders. Allowance must be made for the fact that at this writing she has not been tried out with another one of her class, but even with that in view, it is possible to say that her work has been entirely satisfactory.

Naturally the enormous spread of canvas attracts attention first of all, but while looking aloft the eye quickly observes a remarkable peculiarity—something really more important than the extent of canvas. In no great yacht that ever competed for the Cup has the gaff trimmed in so close to the plane of mast and boom as does the gaff of *Reliance*.

The contrast between *Reliance* and *Constitution* in this respect is particularly striking. *Constitution* was cursed with a wretched set of sails throughout her season, and she passed the greater part of her time under the worst of the lot that had been provided for her, but the chief defect of all was in the trim of her gaff. And no shifting of peak halliard blocks, or recutting of the sail, served to remedy this defect. Judging by memory one would say that the gaff of *Reliance* makes less than half as great an angle with the plane of boom and mast as did the gaff of *Constitution*.

The importance of this peculiarity of the sail in windward work needs no comment, but one may hazzard the prediction that *Reliance*

will lie half a point nearer the wind than either *Columbia* or *Constitution*. And with this peculiarity, in connection with her thin and long fin keel, *Reliance* should point higher than *Shamrock III.* For it is conceded that *Shamrock III.* depends on a deep, full hull for her lateral plane, instead of a fin keel, and certainly an inverted T rail like the hull of *Reliance* should make less leeway than a round hull like *Shamrock's*.

A word about the quality of the sails of the new defender is worth while, because everything that has been spread at this writing, except the staysail, is excellent. In the first trial the mainsail showed to better advantage than any new sail ever stretched on *Constitution* or *Columbia*. It was obvious that but a few days would be needed to get it into admirable shape. The club topsail, too, was a bird's wing—contrary to precedent in that sail, as made by Herreshoff. And as for the jib and jib topsail one never saw cleaner curves than they presented.

Although definite statements cannot yet be made as to the speed of *Reliance* there are certain facts about her work that are very hopeful. When seen under good speed—say ten or twelve knots—from a steamer crossing her bows, the amount of froth and spray under the bows of *Reliance* seems enormous. She is simply lathered to the eyes. And yet there is no curl of solid water whatever there. More important still, the depression usually seen in the water just abaft the main rigging of the flying yacht is not found alongside *Reliance*, while the wave under the counter is notably small.

It is curious to note, too, that as the speed of *Reliance* increases her nose rises. The view in crossing her bow at full speed suggested nothing so much as a similar view of a torpedo destroyer. She has a bow something like a torpedo boat, in fact—it is wide and of shoal draft at least. One felt the speed she was making even though it may not have been so great as it seemed.

Although at this writing *Reliance* has encountered no seas of any consequence, she has found long and sharp rollers off Brenton Reef lightship, and in passing these it was distinctly seen that she rose and sank rather than pitched over them. She pitched no more in working to windward than some yachts of her length would in running. Her motion in windward work against the rollers was, in fact, noticeably like that of an ordinary yacht with the wind well aft. She may pound in a chop sea, but her early work has given no indication of her doing so.

As one might predict from a look at the hull, *Reliance* has shown great speed in running. A number of experienced men who watched her in this work estimated the speed of the wind and then timed her as she passed certain charted points between Newport and Bristol. To their surprise her actual speed was as high as their estimate of the speed of the wind. The tide was with the yacht and it was running a knot an hour. It is also likely that they underestimated the wind; but when all allowances are made it is certain that she flies away down wind like a puff of smoke.

A pleasing feature of her work under canvas is in the fact that *Reliance* heels to her sailing lines under the pressure of a seven-knot breeze, and yet a twelve-knot breeze is not powerful enough to wet the lee rail save only when she swings broad off with sheets aft.

In a close reach and then a broad reach across a twelve-knot breeze off Newport with a small club topsail aloft, she kept her lee rail out of water save only when a long roller turned her over a trifle.

The fact that she heels to her sailing lines in a light breeze will be found important in the races, for she will never be found too stiff when the wind will carry her over the course within the time limit. And when the wind is high she will be able to stand up and take.

Now as to *Shamrock III.* in these conditions, Sir Thomas Lipton told a reporter that when her mast gave way the solid brine was six feet deep over her lee rail. If his estimate is correct she will go through instead of over the waves when the wind blows high.

At one time on the first day *Reliance* was under sail, the wind fell dead flat, and a curl in the tidal current took charge of her in spite of the helm. This, however, gave a pleasing exhibition of her sailing ability in light airs, for when a faint breath came along and wrinkled the surface, she took her foot in her hand like Bre'r Rabbit. She certainly does not need a second invitation to make her come when called.

The fact is, one finds it easy to become enthusiastic when considering the points of the new defender. One forgets that it needs a trial with a mate to show what she is able to do. For in every point on which one would base a judgment in advance of an actual race, *Reliance* seems to show a decided superiority.

RECORDS AND NOTABLE PERFORMANCES

By JAMES E. SULLIVAN

IN THE ninth series of annual relay races of the University of Pennsylvania, held April 25, at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, no less than 138 teams started, with results as follows:

Four-mile Intercollegiate Championship Race: Michigan, first; Yale, second; Pennsylvania, third; Wisconsin, fourth; Chicago, fifth; Harvard, sixth; and Columbia, seventh. Time, 18.39⅘.

Two-mile Relay Championship: Pennsylvania, first; Columbia, second; Harvard, third. Time, 8.08⅗.

One-mile Intercollegiate Relay Race: Yale, first; Pennsylvania, second. Time, 3.28.

Kellogg, of Michigan, in the last relay of the four-mile, gave Franchot, of Yale, at least 25 yards, caught him quite easily, and went the mile in 4.35⅕. Thompson, of Amherst, was timed separately 50 seconds for the quarter.

The two grammar school half-mile relay races, each boy running 220 yards, resulted as follows:

Newton High School. Time, 1.52⅘.

Kenderton School. Time, 1.47⅘.

These two races were for boys. They ran 220 yards each relay, or a half mile in all.

The fastest mile was that of the Yale team, in 3.28; Amherst College was second, with 3.30⅖; Rutgers College, third, with 3.34⅘.

T. Shevlin, of Yale, threw the hammer 156 feet 3 inches. The discus was won by Porter, of Cornell, with a throw of 111 feet ¾ inch.

Word comes from Des Moines, Ia., that H. Thurman Chapman, of Drake University, vaulted 12 feet, on April 26, at Drake University field meet. This does not constitute a record, as it was made on the fifth trial and in closed games.

At Nice, on April 7, M. Serpollet made the automobile record for one kilometer, going the distance in 28 seconds.

At Louisville, Ky., on March 28, Charles P. Lucas made a new American record for a potato race, 10 potatoes 2 yards apart. Total distance run, 220 yards. Time, 0.49⅘, breaking the record of 51½ made by G. R. Preston at New York city, November 25, 1884.

A girls' record is claimed for Miss Lydia Carpenter, of the State Normal School of Plattsburg, N. Y., having cleared 4 feet 2 1/10 inches in a running high jump. The previous authentic record was the Vassar College record, 4 feet ¾ of an inch.

The Marathon race of the B. A. A., held April 20, was won by John C. Lorden, of the Cambridgeport Gymnasium, distance about 25 miles. His time was 2 hours 41 minutes 29⅘ seconds.

At the Boys' Latin School Games, held in Baltimore on May 2, Arthur F. Duffey is said to have run 75 yards in 7⅕ seconds. This is no record, since not made in competition.

At the Yale class games on May 2, Fay Moulton was timed by three watches, 9⅘ seconds, for the 100; one watch caught him 10 seconds. He was timed 21⅗ seconds for the 220. Ward McLanahan vaulted 11 feet 6½ inches in the pole vault. T. L. Shevlin won the hammer with a throw of 151 feet 1 inch.

On April 18, Stanford University beat California in track athletics; score 63⅕ to 58⅘. Dole, of Stanford, won the pole vault, doing 11 feet 7¾ inches, breaking the Pacific Coast amateur and intercollegiate records.

The annual games under the auspices of the Princeton University Interscholastic Athletic Association, May 2, were won by the Mercersburg Academy with a total of 42 points; Lawrenceville, second; Hill School, third.

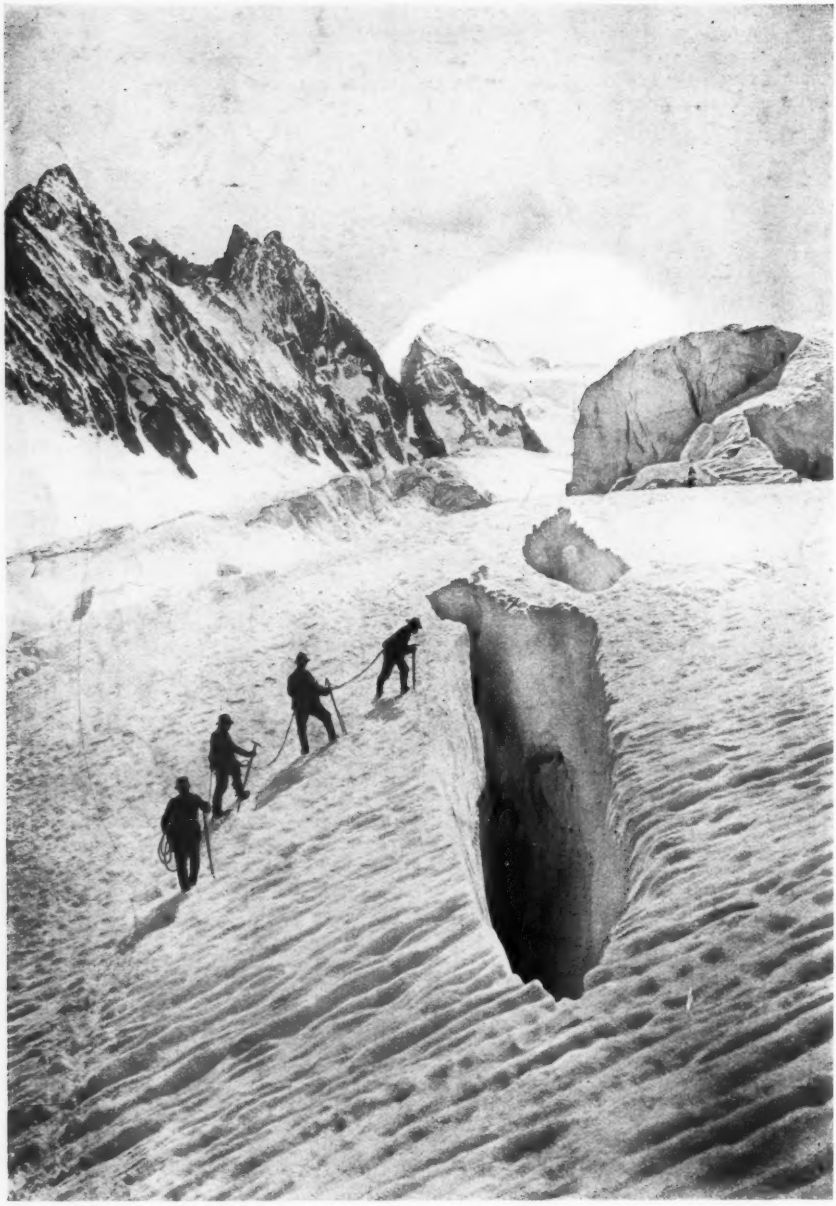
The dual meet between Cutler School and Columbia Grammar School, held in New York city on May 2, was won by Columbia Grammar School, 50 to 30.

At the Interscholastic meet held at Orange, N. J., on May 2, Pratt Institute, of Brooklyn, won the trophy with a score of 24. Horace Mann was second, and Erasmus third.

On March 27, at the Buffalo Track, Paris, France, Joe Nelson rode 10 kilometers in 7 minutes 55 seconds, a new record.

The second annual Northwestern Interscholastic Championship, held at Evanston, Ill., was won by Hyde Park High School with 23 points; Lewis Institute was second with 20.

British Racket Championship, won by A. M. Baerlein over the holder, E. H. Miles, by 3 to 2.



"Glacial crevasses are perfectly safe when you can see them. * * * Your leader advances, probing each step with his ice-ax."— *See How to Climb Mountains*, Page 434.